

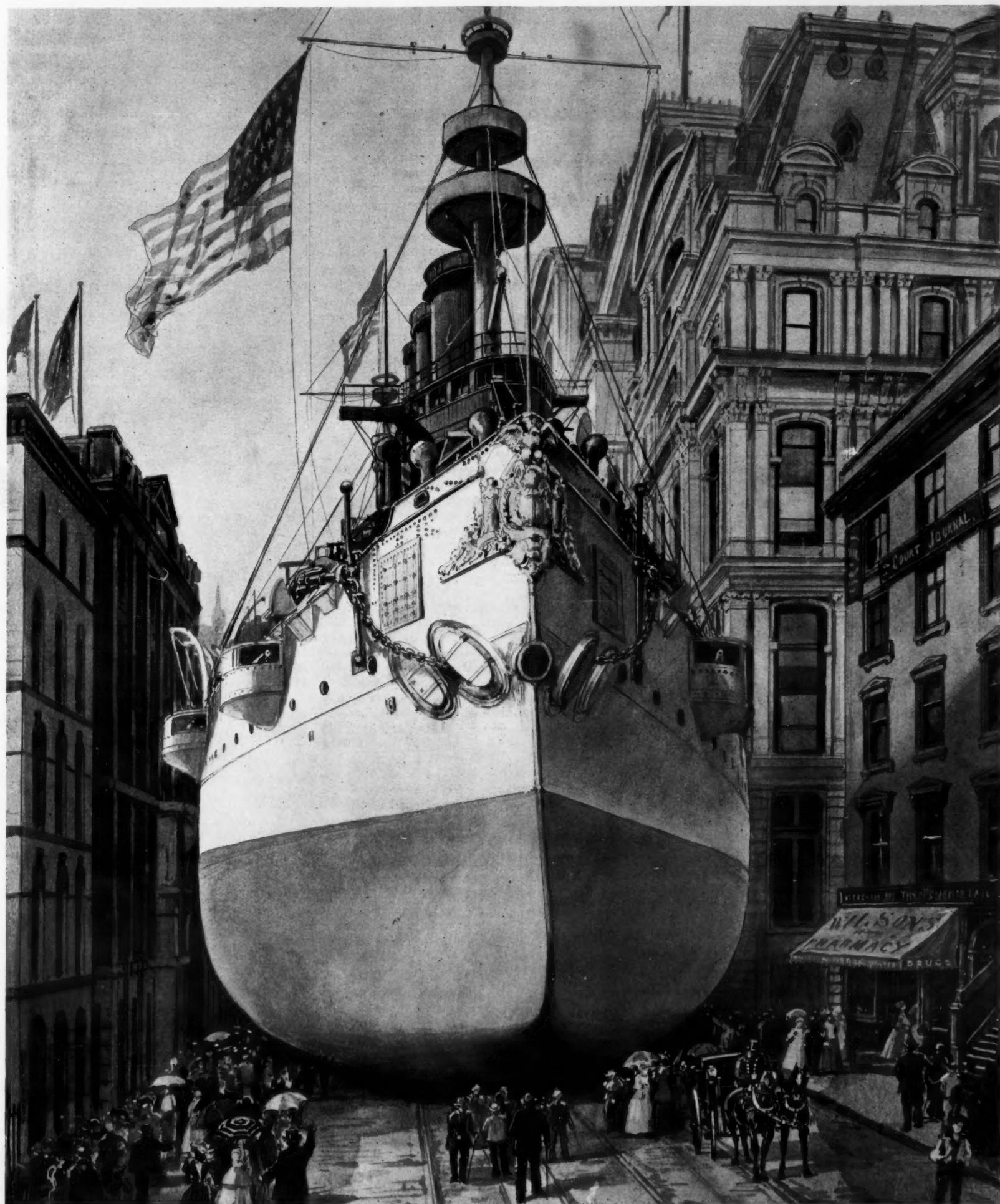
NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—32 PAGES—WILL BE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO "GREATER NEW YORK."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Comparatively few persons have any true idea of the size of the large cruisers of our new navy when seen on the water. They do not realize, for instance, that the cruiser *New York* is as wide as Broadway at Cedar Street, that she is longer than a city block, and that her hull would reach from the pavement to the fourth story of many of the buildings on that great thoroughfare. The building shown in our picture is that of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, one of the most conspicuous in that part of Broadway.

HOW THE CRUISER "NEW YORK" WOULD LOOK IF PLACED IN BROADWAY AT CEDAR STREET.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.
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"GREATER NEW YORK" NUMBER

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The "Greater New York" number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will possess special interest and value for all citizens of the metropolis. It will illustrate our marvelous growth and the infinite variety of industrial and commercial forces which contribute to our prosperity, as to many of which the average New-Yorker has but little knowledge. This special number will be the first of a series of handsome issues to be devoted to illustrating the larger cities of America. The beauties and advantages of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, etc., are to be shown in subsequent editions. The progress of a nation is largely shown by the development made in its great centres of population.

[This issue, previously announced for May 15th, is postponed one week because of the pressure of news matter requiring illustration.]

Where the Responsibility Lies.



THE collapse of the Coxey demonstration at the doors of the national Capitol occasioned no surprise. It was inevitable from the start that failure should overtake this grotesque attempt to make vagrancy an agency of reform. But it is

well to remember that the spirit of anarchism, communism, and Populism, of which this movement was a manifestation, still survives, and is asserting itself actively and aggressively. The dozen or more "armies" which are tramping about the country are all the outcome of Coxey's demonstration, and the outbreaks of violence which have occurred at various points were precipitated by the element to whose communistic tendencies that demonstration has appealed with stimulating effect. The real danger, in connection with these eccentric movements, is not in any physical power they as yet possess; it lies in the fact that public men of character and influence are justifying the position and demands of these enemies of society, and proclaiming that revolution will surely follow if these demands are not complied with. Here, for instance, is the Populist Secretary of State of Kansas predicting that with the next election the flames of revolt will "sweep" all across the land, and "every palatial residence will be destroyed in this uprising of the people." The farmers, this alarmist adds, "are preparing for this. They are selling a horse or a cow and buying Winchesters, and many mechanics are doing the same." This, be it remembered, is the deliberate utterance of a public official whose party has formally indorsed the Coxey movement. Another person, protesting against the refusal of the Washington authorities to permit a demonstration on the Capitol steps, says there will be assassinations if the people are not allowed to be heard. The grand master workman of the Knights of Labor threatens to "tie up" certain Western railroads if they refuse to make special transportation rates for one of the "armies." Now all these are symptoms which must be regarded in any estimate of the forces which are behind the "Industrial" or Coxey movements. They show that ideas as to property and personal liberty are becoming prevalent which, if not arrested, will bring chaos and ruin upon every important interest of society. As a matter of fact, there is no justification in existing conditions for the discontent which breaks out in these movements. There

has never been a time when the great mass of our population have possessed more of the comforts of life than to-day, or when the opportunities for self-advancement were so good as now. There is, indeed, a momentary industrial depression, but that does not alter the fact that the chances of the sober, industrious workingman are greater here than anywhere else in the world. The men who foment and justify this movement know this fact if they know anything at all. They know, too, that no amount of legislation on the lines proposed by them can cure any real economic disorders. Unless they are actually blind they must see that in holding out their impracticable schemes they are encouraging and stimulating a false conception of the powers and purposes of government, which may bring serious disasters upon our institutions.

If we would extirpate the dangerous heresies of the hour, we must deal with these false leaders of the blind with the unsparing severity to which their crimes against the social order make them justly liable. Their ignorant dupes must, indeed, be held responsible for any and all actual invasions of law, but they should not bear the punishment due to the more serious offenses of the demagogues who inspire their wrong-doing, and without whose encouragement these demonstrations would soon cease to command serious attention.

A Serious Evil.

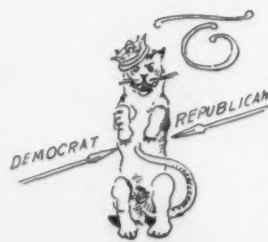


DIVORCE cases continue to multiply in all our courts. Not a day passes that the newspapers do not record some story of domestic infelicity. In many cases the revelations made in open court are of the most vulgar character; in some they are absolutely filthy, presenting human nature in its very vilest aspects. That the publication of the disgusting details in many of these suits tends to

debauchery of morals, and is not justified by considerations of public policy, goes without saying. It is amazing that respectable newspapers should pollute their columns with them. It is said, we know, by way of justification that the public demands and relishes this prurient stuff; but it is the office of the enlightened and conscientious journalist to elevate rather than corrupt the public taste or cater to a depraved public appetite.

Some of our judges, we are glad to observe, are indicating a greatly quickened perception of the mischievous influence of this growing tendency toward ostentatious publicity in divorce litigation. In one of the city courts recently, this tendency was actually rebuked from the Bench with a good deal of vigor. In another case, which because of the financial prominence of the defendant attracted wide attention, the judge refused to entertain a motion for an extension, on the ground distinctively that it was contrary to good morals to permit a course which would keep alive an unsavory scandal. These are wholesome indications. They point to possible relief along natural and logical lines. It is idle to pretend that the courts cannot do much toward the abatement of this evil if they will only exercise their undoubted authority to that end. No personal or social interest will suffer from a suppression of the indecent particulars which often characterize adulterous cases. The ends of justice can be just as certainly attained by avoiding publicity as by obtruding every nauseous detail upon the popular attention. If men and women will persist in bringing their marital troubles into court, let them do it subject to limitations demanded by the safety of the public morals and the innocence and purity of the home, which is the source of the national life and the fountain of all human progress.

Union Against Tammany.



HERE can be no doubt that the great majority of reputable citizens of this metropolis desire to see the municipal government wrested from the control of Tammany. The campaign of the City Vigilance League and of the good-government clubs has awakened a just appreciation of the evils of the existing system of misrule, and begotten a genuine interest in the work of reform. The dinner given the other night to the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who has conducted such a vigorous and persistent crusade against the police department, afforded an illustration of this popular sympathy with the reformatory movement. Among the participants in this testimonial were representatives of all the great business and moral interests of the city. One year ago, such a demonstration of sympathy with the work of Dr. Parkhurst would have been impossible. The fact that he has won his way into the confidence of the public, and that he is now backed by men of wealth as well as by the sympathy of the moral element of the community, is a most important one in connection with the movement for the overthrow of Tammany domination.

But while this sentiment exists, and is steadily growing, it is still possible that it may fail to prove effective in the achievement of results. The great body of intelligent citizens are partisans, identified with one party or another, and are, as to most questions, dominated by partisan prejudices and sympathies. They are apt to seek reforms through their own immediate party agencies, thus frittering away their strength, instead of combining in support of some distinctive programme, wholly independent and outside of party lines. It ought to be understood on all hands that Tammany cannot be overthrown, and honest and cleanly government secured to this city, until those who desire that result can agree to utterly dismiss from their minds all considerations of partisan advantage. Mr. James C. Carter, the distinguished lawyer, expressed the exact truth when he said, in a recent address, that the only way to win is for reform Democrats and honest Republicans to unite upon a common ticket without reference to the partisan views of those who compose it. The establishment of honest local government is not in any sense a question of party concern. It is a question which touches immediately every citizen, and it should be dealt with in a spirit of the highest patriotism. There is no reason at all why party politics should be introduced into municipal affairs. On the contrary, there is every reason why the municipal business should be conducted on a business basis, with sole reference to the greatest possible efficiency, integrity, and economy in its direction.

It is undoubtedly true that some leading men among the Republicans, as well as some in the ranks of the independent Democracy, will persist in the nomination of separate tickets, as heretofore. But all such persons may fairly be distrusted as not really and seriously desiring the triumph of sound principles of government. Every one who is honestly desirous of eliminating Tammany from municipal control will realize that his first duty is to subordinate partisan considerations to those of a public character, and seek in every way possible to consolidate public opinion in support of a single ticket representing the cleanly and decent instincts of the metropolis.

Is Marriage a Profession?



F the good Lord will give me a pair of fine eyes," says the French woman, "I will do the rest." "Give me an education," cries the American girl, "and leave the rest to me." The education given and the rest left to her, the result is as foregone a conclusion as a French woman's beauty with fine eyes bestowed upon her.

The girl now to be considered is she to whom higher education has not been granted. The fact that perhaps she did not desire this privilege makes her no less a problem when she is thrown literally on her own resources for pecuniary or moral support. "What can I do?" is her first question, and though she may possess latent talent for valuable service, she has no witch hazel of instruction by which to discover it. The inventive powers that are the birthright of every American have found expression in our women largely in the invention of avenues of all kinds of work for themselves.

In a consultation between two friends lately met to discuss the future of a girl not blessed with means, nor yet fitted for any special line of work, this question was asked: "What profession is open to a woman which she can learn, and in learning pay for her living and tuition by her services?" The humorous answer was, "I can at once think of a profession falling exactly under those heads—namely, matrimony."

Now this reply, though in jocular spirit, was half earnest, and voiced the answer of a large majority faced with the necessity of providing for a problematic girl. Marriage is so easy a solution of a woman's difficulties—for her friends.

To look on marriage as a profession ought to be peculiarly un-American; for in this country, if anywhere on earth, the theory of natural selection is supposed to flourish in its ripest bloom. And that American women, as a whole, do honestly prefer being free to select without pressure, save in the legitimate quarter, is shown by the rush of applicants for every avenue of work as it is thrown open. This multitude of feminine applicants is gathered from the ranks of both rich and poor, showing that the longing for employment is by no means confined to the woman spurred to work for bodily self-preservation. A woman, as a man, needs to have her soul satisfied by an occupation of some kind to which she can bring her best powers; failing that, she will almost invariably lower marriage to the position of a profession and accept it as a solution. The lack of a motive in life, however humble, is as responsible for forced marriages in one class as in another, and there is no practical difference between the girl who marries to escape the weariness of poverty and the girl who marries to escape the weariness of wealth.

Our girls do not need to marry to obtain freedom—that they enjoy as unmarried women in a degree not permitted to the women of any other nation in the world. Of diversions they have no lack; their crying need is

work. Any close observer will have noted one fact in the history of every unmarried woman who has passed her first youth without definite object in life. There comes a phase through which they all pass. Although it belongs to no set period, being regulated by the development and temperament of the individual, it will come sooner or later inevitably as fate. Then, in those aimless lives it is as if a certain tide arose, that, taken at the flood, leads to a life work of some kind—not always to fortune. The currents of unfulfilled aspirations, which the meanest are not without in measure, heap into a discontented heaving wave, that must break on some shore or shoal. Frequently a half-hearted marriage is the result. Sometimes a career is grasped as a life-boat. Often the wave recedes, bearing back again the untrained soul to the depths of eternal uselessness.

However this experience of upheaval of the soul's waters may end, it is always a cruel ordeal, and few women come out of it uninjured. Those who have been early educated into one kind of work or another may wade through deep waters and do often suffer shipwreck, but these things they suffer gladly, counting it gain in comparison to the other fate.

If we would preserve our American theory of marriage it must be saved by teaching our girls how first to live alone. Then, when their single lives are full to overflowing, marriage is no longer a necessity to them, but an enlargement of life, and on no other plane can natural selection for women be possible. Educating women for defined vocations will not lower the per cent. of marriages in America, but it will conserve the national ideal. For when all is said and done nature is nature, and no legislation can, if it would, alter the fact that young men and maidens will mate as the birds. Nor need it be feared that any education can kill the most powerful and sweet instinct that belongs to womanhood—that which in the tiny girl makes her arms a cradle for some corn-cob which she swathes in draperies.

"Give me an education," says the American girl, "and leave the rest to me." Could "the rest," including this marriage question, be left in safer hands? We think not.

The New Vista for American Yachts.

THE interest of the yachting world will not for a while be centred again upon New York Bay. For the greatest international contests ever known, and for a wonderfully long period, the New York waters have provided the arena. This has not been an unmixed good. It has not tended to produce sea-going craft able to withstand any ocean buffeting, but rather those band-box fabrics in which almost everything is sacrificed for speed. Besides this, there has been too much one-sidedness both in chances and victories to encourage the best and most hotly-followed sport; and until Mr. Carroll's manly attempt with *Navahoe* last year the English sportsmen have been impatient when America sent no yacht to compete in British waters.

The scene changes. The able and beautiful *Lasca* is now crossing the ocean to try conclusions with the English schooners. The sons of Jay Gould have bought the cup-defender, *Vigilant*. With this boat they can, as a rule, defeat any cutter of the same size now afloat in England. Some delay has arisen while the Goulds ascertained as to the races in which the *Vigilant* could enter. But it is now definitely announced that the crack American cutter will proceed to Cowes as soon as possible. The *Valkyrie* is also on her way to Cowes under yawl rig, and the interest of American yachtsmen is turning eastward. It is to be regretted that the cutter *Colonia* is not being altered for a similar mission. The sit of *Colonia's* canvas was never as good as *Vigilant's*; but, beyond this, there was not a pin to choose between these two cup-defenders, so far as appeared above water. True, *Colonia* wants more keel; but, give her this, and she will be at least as fast and certainly a stronger boat than *Vigilant*.

All the same, *Vigilant* is not going to have a walk-over in foreign races. One boat that will probably make it warm for her will be of American build. James Gordon Bennett has contracted with the Herreshoffs for a cutter to be built on the guaranteed condition that she will defeat *Valkyrie's* victor. This brings the keenest kind of relish for the repast that is making our mouths water. But, can the Herreshoffs do this? There are those who believe that they have played their best cards so far as the development of power in a yacht is concerned. As to a sailing-machine, the fin-bulb keel type has not proved successful in the large boats. The English *Calluna* and the American *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim* were all comparative failures. Yet the fastest boat of the future will undoubtedly be of this type, and it seems probable that the Herreshoffs' only hope of beating *Vigilant* will be in a further advance toward this kind of machine.

Whether Mr. Bennett will sail his new boat in English races has not yet been stated. It appears that she is wanted more especially for the Mediterranean races, in which he, as one of the regatta committee, is interested. The Goulds intend to have *Vigilant* compete on this course off Nice, where Lord Dunraven's yachts have carried off most of the honors during the past years. Here she will

meet the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, which, in the absence of *Valkyrie*, has this year swept the Monte Carlo seas.

Mr. Bennett has given a five-hundred-pound cup, with five hundred sovereigns added, as a prize for sailing yachts of over twenty tons, to be sailed under Y. R. A. rules, with the time allowances as therein provided for. This will, if they try it, give small American flyers an unusual chance to get away with a thousand pounds of "boodle," and also unlimited honor. This is not a handicap, and between, say, *Vigilant* and a twenty-one tonner the time allowance would be enormous. Add to this the fact that in very light airs a small, light craft with a huge spread of silk can steal around the course when the largest boats are almost motionless, and the combined chances in favor of the cockle-shell become apparent.

The Tariff Hugger-Mugger.

AFTER several weeks of hugger-muggering, the Democratic Senators have licked the tariff bill into a shape which is apparently acceptable to everybody except Mr. Hill and possibly one or two others. There has never been, as to any measure of equal importance, a more utter contempt of principle and disregard of consistency than has been shown in the reconstruction of this bill. The Senators themselves seem to have been ashamed of their clandestine and slovenly methods, for they persistently denied all the way through that any attempt would be made to placate the interests of individuals by concessions involving a recognition of the protective principle. And yet that is precisely what the compromise committee which has been engaged upon the bill has done. Every Democratic Senator who hesitated about supporting the bill was asked to name his price, and in every case except one the price was paid in the form of concessions, and the vote of the recusant was thus assured. While the measure in its present shape is full of incongruities, its conspicuous inconsistency consists in the fact that its provisions as to many interests are predominantly protective, and are thus squarely in conflict with the Democratic platform. Senator Hill, in refusing his assent to the bill, declares that the committee has retained in it all the undemocratic features and has eliminated those things which the party organization indorsed; and this describes the measure exactly.

We have never doubted that a tariff bill of some sort would pass the Senate, and the indications are that the nondescript substitute or compromise act will be put through substantially as agreed upon by the last Democratic caucus. But that result will not be reached without a vigorous contest and a thorough exposure of the methods pursued by the Democratic leaders in adjusting the bill to suit all sorts and conditions of Democracy. Mr. Hill, it is understood, will contribute actively to this exposure, by offering amendments restoring to the free list every one of the articles on which a duty has been placed as a reward for votes in favor of the bill. He will thus compel the hypocrites of the Senate, who have talked so loudly in favor of the abolition of protective duties, to repudiate their own words and exhibit themselves to the country in their true character. Such a spectacle of political insincerity and indifference to principle will undoubtedly provoke widespread indignation and disgust, but it will also have a useful effect, in that it will emphasize the fact of the absolute untrustworthiness of the Democratic party, and so make its overthrow at once more certain and complete.



THE Altoona (Pennsylvania) *Tribune*, referring to a recent article in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* urging the Republican party to emancipate itself from boss control, remarks:

"The truth is that the Republican party has never yet been defeated except by the arrogance and misconduct of its self-constituted leaders. The people are now thinking to return it to power. The continuance of its new lease will depend upon its fidelity to the interests of the people. If it will forget all about itself and think only of promoting the good of the country it will be invincible. But if it allows machine leaders to use it to accomplish their private purposes it will once more taste the bitter waters of defeat."

WHILE the Democratic Senators continue to juggle with the tariff the people persist in rebuking the tinkers with an emphasis which ought to impress the most stolid and obtuse. The latest State to indicate its opinion of the disreputable compromises which are being made in reference to this measure, utterly in contempt of principle, is Indiana, where elections were held on the first inst. The result was an overwhelming condemnation of Democratic policies and methods. Nearly every incorporated city of the State elected Republican officials, and in some localities the losses of the Democracy were unprecedented. Nearly all their strongholds were swept by the Republicans. The significance of these results lies in the fact that they were most decisive in the communities which are affected by tariff legislation. The total Republican gain in the State at large was over fifteen thousand votes, which would have elected a State ticket by some twenty-eight thousand. The result is suggestive as indicating the probable outcome of the contest for State officers in the

coming fall campaign. Now that New Jersey and Indiana have broken loose from their traditional allegiance to the Democracy, there is probably no Northern State which would give a majority for that party.

It ought not to occasion surprise that the clergymen of Lexington, Kentucky, have united in a protest against the renomination of Colonel Breckinridge for Congress from that district. There has been some astonishment that this action was not taken at an earlier date, but possibly there were reasons which justified the delay. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the arraignment of the unworthy Representative by the clergy will prove seriously damaging to his canvass. It would be a disgrace to the State if a man who has shamelessly confessed his indulgence in a life of hypocrisy and immorality should now be permitted to return to the office which he has so conspicuously defiled. It is simply impossible to conceive how any citizen of the district can justify his support of a candidate whose canvass is "an open defiance of all personal chastity, domestic purity, and religious integrity."

THE recent strike on the Great Northern Railroad, which extends from Minneapolis to the Pacific, and which involved some five thousand employes, was settled without serious loss through the intervention of the business men of the communities affected by it. A joint committee of representatives of leading business organizations was formed, to whom all the points in issue were submitted, and after a full hearing a decision was arrived at which practically restores the wages of the men, and the operation of the road was at once resumed. It is difficult to see why all differences of this character might not be adjusted by like methods. The Northern road has a length of thirty-seven hundred miles, and a prolonged suspension of operations would have resulted disastrously to most important interests, while on the other hand the adjustment of the matters in dispute on the basis of perfect fairness to all parties concerned averts loss to employer and employed, and assures to the public at large efficient and needed service.

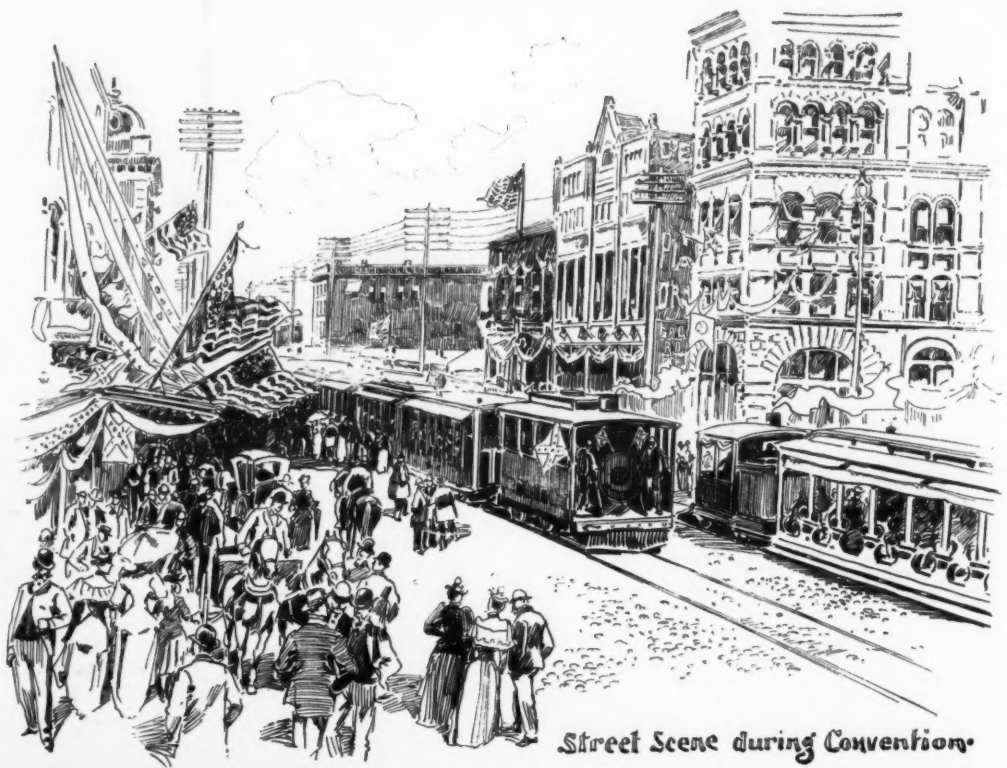
THE comments of the English newspapers on the Coxey movement in this country are characteristically amusing. They regard it as a most serious menace to our national existence. It is remarkable how many texts our British cousins are able to find in facts and incidents of our life on which to build homilies as to the insecurity of popular government and the instability of free institutions resting upon an ignorant electorate. It is especially curious that nearly all our social and business disorders are ascribed to protectionism. Thus we find the London *Daily News*, which ought to know better, declaring that the whole Coxey movement "seems like a last desperate device of the protectionists," and other papers have given expression to a like sentiment. When we remember that the Coxeyites themselves have never once raised the tariff issue, but have based their demonstration on other issues entirely, these comments of our English friends must certainly provoke amusement.

THE newspapers are again busily discussing the question as to whether ex-President Harrison will be a candidate before the next Republican Presidential Convention. A bumptious young man in Indianapolis, who derives his importance from the fact that he is the son of his father, recently announced that General Harrison was in the field and would make a vigorous canvass for the nomination. This was followed a day or two later by a denial from the young man's father, Mr. John C. New, that the ex-President had any such purpose. A few days after this, General Harrison himself announced that he was not talking about or thinking of the next Presidency, and that certainly no one had been authorized to act or speak for him on the subject. This, no doubt, is the exact truth in the case. But then, everybody knows that General Harrison would accept the nomination if it should come to him, just as any other average American citizen would welcome the opportunity to get into the White House. It is the merest nonsense for anybody to pretend to the contrary.

THE fact that the public debt has increased during the month of April by the sum of ten millions of dollars, and the supply of treasury gold declined to nearly the same amount, does not seem to have made the slightest impression on the Democrats of the Senate. Day after day these legislators come together, talk, dispute, and scold, but do nothing whatever, being apparently wholly oblivious of the growing discontent of the country and the increasing financial difficulties of the government. Nor do they realize that the steady increase of the debt shows the utter fallacy of their insistence that the revenue under the proposed Wilson bill will equal all the demands of the treasury. The receipts under that bill would be very much less than are now derived under the McKinley act, and unless the income tax should be enacted and other sources of revenue discovered, or there should be a large reduction in the government expenses, it is plain that the total income from customs must be very much diminished, with a corresponding increase of our indebtedness.



Decorations on Caldwell Hotel



Street Scene during Convention.



Henry Clay Fairman - the poet



"Unfurl that Banner."



Old Veterans passing General Gordon.



Winnie Davis Wigwam Where Convention was held

CONFEDERATE VETERANS PLEDGE THE UNION A LOYAL SUPPORT—THE FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, HELD AT BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. B. PEDDINGHAUS.—[SEE PAGE 328.]
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THE TAMALE.

"Tamale! Tamale! Hot Tamale!"

IN about two weeks the "hot-tamale" men will begin to look comfortable. During the past winter months people have shivered as they passed the wearers of these cold, white canvas uniforms and caps. When a zero wind is whistling round a corner at its best blizzard gait, nothing can possibly seem so cold as a hot-tamale man. But if we have yearned over them it is possible that the alleged seat of our compassions might more profitably worry itself over hot tamale. And no doubt in doing so it would acquire something much warmer than the average compassion. In fact, in this new industry the climatic extremes meet. The arctic snow man in white canvas sells a food so torrid and tropical that it might have come from regions even more than equatorial. It would be a comfort to mix these extremes—to feel sure that these living icicles thawed themselves out every five minutes with their own red-hot comestibles—to have them provided with seats on top of their neat little brass ovens.

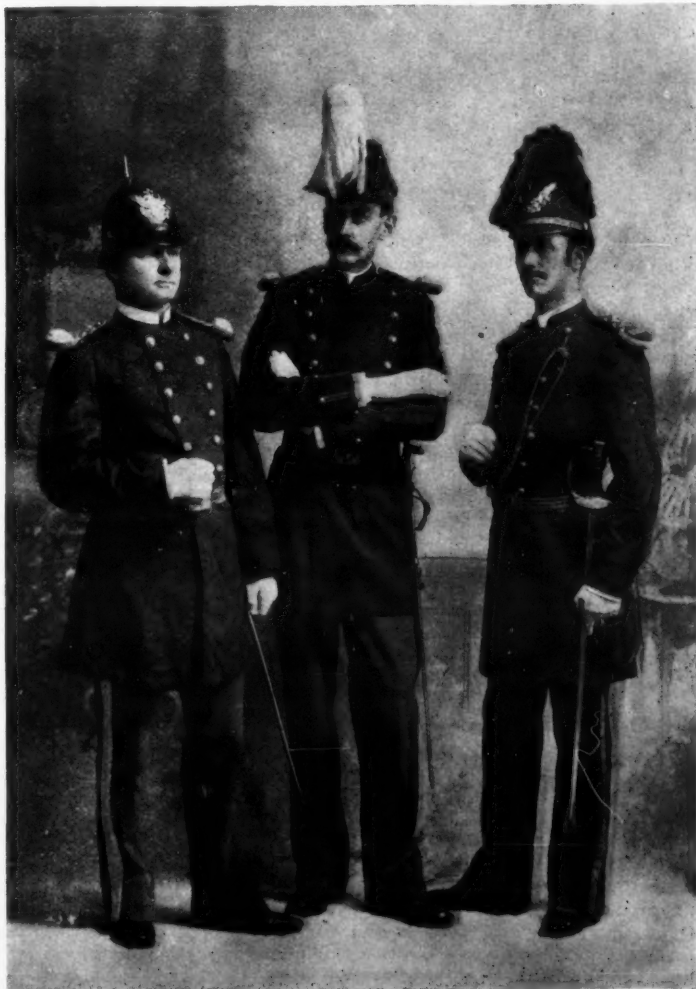
Throughout Mexico this tamale is a staple article of food. It is the same, I think, as in Texas is called *chile con carne*. According to my careful but not prolonged investigation, it seems to be composed of minced chilis and chicken, with apparently more vegetable fire than bird. This mince is surrounded by some kind of batter, and the whole is inclosed in the long outside leaves of the corn, which are tied at both ends. This description may not be quite correct, but I can positively guarantee that the food will impart celerity to the most sluggish liver.

To New-Yorkers the tamale came in winter, and the heat of it was found pleasant, but in the South it is eaten in the hottest weather. The East Indians have their curry, the Malays have a similar dish, and the Mexicans demand their tamale. Apparently all people who endure great heat fight it off with still greater heat. *Similia similibus curantur*. There are one hundred men selling tamale at the street-corners. After a while their presence will seem to be a necessary part of the appearance of New York streets. These men work on commission under the Mexican Tamale Company, and as they are all making a living, and as the food is one which will inevitably find favor, we may fairly say the tamale has come to stay.

STINSON JARVIS.



"TAMALE! TAMALE! HOT TAMALE!"



Joseph K. Alton. J. M. Bateman. John G. Capers.

THE COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, CAPTAINS WHOSE COMPANIES REFUSED TO OBEY GOVERNOR TILLMAN'S ORDERS IN THE RECENT TROUBLES OVER THE DISPENSARY LAW.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HENNIEN.—[SEE PAGE 325.]
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THE CORNELL BOAT CREW IN PRACTICE ON LAKE CAYUGA.
Copyright by the Arkell Weekly Company.

THE AMATEUR AFFAIR

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY CREW.

THE Cornell University crew is the only college eight which has been regularly coached by a professional oarsman during the last few years. Some time ago Harvard had a professional in charge of her boating interests, but college graduates have done almost all the coaching since Faulkner left the Harvard boat-house. It seems only fair to assume that the brilliant record of Cornell on the water is due, largely at any rate, to the work of Mr. Charles E. Courtney, who in his day was regarded as one of the best oarsmen in the world. Since he has been at Ithaca the Cornell crews have been almost universally successful in defeating their rivals. The New-Yorkers have not rowed against Yale or Harvard, but have been willing and anxious to do so, and would probably arrange a race now if the New England universities would consent. Such a contest would be interesting, as it would go far toward settling the comparative merits of the stroke used at Cornell and Yale, but there seems to be no chance for the race at present.

The Cornell boat-house is placed by the side of the inlet to Lake Cayuga, a mile or so from the grounds of the university. The arrangements are very much like those at Harvard and Yale, except that the number of shells on hand

is always much smaller. Mr. Courtney is recognized by the university faculty as the regular coach of the crew, and in a certain way is a member of the board of government. That is, he is kept informed as to the work of the men in college, and just as soon as they fall behind in their studies, they are dropped from the crew and new men take their places. The coach looks after the candidates, sees that they do not devote too much time to rowing, and that the sport does not interfere with their regular work.

The amount of time which is at the disposal of the coach would be considered altogether insufficient at Yale or Harvard. Very seldom, indeed, does the Cornell crew spend more than an hour a day in practice. The candidates leave the boat-house and start out in their shell at about five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Courtney is under obligations to get them back so that they can dress, eat their evening meal, and be ready for study by seven o'clock. Very often not more than fifty minutes can be used on the creek or the lake. Yale, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania have a much longer time for the oarsmen. At these places the candidates very often go out soon after three

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TUS' APRILE FOOLIN'.

BY TOBE HODGE. (CHARLES McILVAINE.)

TUS was all that was left to him of the imperial name Augustus, long before its ruddy, sturdy, independent owner reached the age of ten. Like most West Virginia mountain boys, he was better posted in woodcraft, tricks of squirrels, haunts of rabbits, bird abodes, mysteries of bait, habits of fish, mountain-trails, and mischief than in spelling-book or primer.

For years he had volunteered to be my guide, instructor, and general care-taker, whenever he saw signs of preparation for fishing, hunting, or saddle-ride, until even my horse missed him if he was not perched up behind me. He had but one love, that was his sister Allie; but one hatred, and that was concentrated upon "the shiney man," as he called him, "because he wore shiney clothes, a shiney hat, an' shined up his boots fer meetin'"; but one follower, that was his dog Spider; but one respect, and I was the subject of that.

The first fire-works he had ever seen were given to him by me, and in consequence, the first Fourth of July he ever celebrated created such havoc among all of his surroundings—even the shirt upon his back—that a revolutionary movement directed against him was set up in the spanking arms of every member of his family, which resulted in an event rather out of the ordinary, for it was the offender, Tus, who made the declaration of independence, and then ran away from home to substantiate it.

The loss of a youngster from an overstocked West Virginia log-cabin was not considered a serious matter, and his parents had such an abiding faith in his ability to take care of himself, that no attempt was made to hunt him up. The necessity of replenishing his wardrobe for him, if found, may have had something to do with their indifference, although a matter reduced to the smallest quantity in materials, and one into which the element of quality did not enter.

I missed the little fellow very much, so was truly delighted to see him coming across the fields to my hunting-lodge on the morning of April 1st, ten months after his disappearance. His manner showed that something was wrong; he was bare-footed, his pantaloons were rolled up to his knees, his hands were run deep under his waist-band, his hat was on the back of his head in angry slant, and he was talking to himself and emphasizing his remarks by vigorous shakes of his head.

"Howdee, colonel," he said, solemnly, as he sat down upon the edge of the porch. "I hain't seed you arytyme since away fuder yander back when I sot off the Fourth-uv-July you give me. I've seed a sight since then—me an' ole Spider. He follered me when I runned off. I come back home last night about sundown, an' I've been licked by 'em purty nigh all round this mornin' already. I can't stan' it, fer the sap's runnin' in the saplin's, an' they kinder limber an' doubles on a feller, an' hurts. My land! Mom's cut a hickory with the buds started enter it, an' it doubles on a feller like a halter-strap. No feller can stan' it. I'm goin' agin. Hit's powerful hard; fer the peerch is jist beginnin' to bite lively, an' the creek water is clearin' up good fer catchin' minners, an' fishin'-worms is thick nigh the top uv the ground an' take nary diggin', hardly, to git 'em. Hit's agin natur to stan' 'em all the time—lickin's. I'll tell you how 'twas.

"You mind, I didn't get all the lickin' mom had ready fer me the time I sot off the Fourth-uv-July. Well, afore I got nigh hum last night I fixed up fer the balance uv it, an' then I walks inter our cabin ez big ez a woodchuck on a stump. I said 'em all 'howdee,' fer I didn't care no more than nothin', nohow, fer I had a couple uv strips uv peeled bark from nigh my shirt-collar to where you sees my breeches is rolled up to—runnin' down my back like—an' tied with a string round my neck, fer fear uv slips. I jist thought mom might hammer on them bark-kivers till she got done her Fourth-uv-July lickin', an' go on fer a spell, if the notion took her, on the nex' one. Ez soon ez she seed me comin' she jist said nothin', howdee, ner nothin'. She cotched me by the slack an' jined lookin' round fer somethin', a clap-board er a saplin', er a bannel uv some sort. I seed the short end uv a quiltin'-frame, an' it wuz full uv gimlet holes. I knowed it would break purty nigh quick ef her lickin'-arm wuz purty nigh well ez tolerable; so I pinto to it, an' I sez; 'I guess that un 'ill do, mom; git it,

an' let's git done.' (She wuz kinder holdin' me up too high—standin' me on my toes like.) But mom, she jist histed me over to a corner an' got hold uv a hickory that she'd stowed away fer me gin I come back, an' then she jined to. I yelled louder than Spider at a moon-raisin', but I wuzent a-keerin' ez long ez the bark lasted. She jist everlastin'ly piled me till I could kinder feel the bark sinkin' in; an' hit jined slippin' on one side further than t'other. Aleck, he seed the end uv it stickin' out uv the leg uv my breeches, an' he wuz mean enough to ketch hold uv it an' pull, an' nigh choked me till the string broke. Then there wuz nothin' left but me fer it. But mom's wind wuz gittin' done gone, an' her han' holt hed come loose, an' she wuz nigh run down, so she stopped lickin' an' jined jawin' me. I never heerd sich a jawin' in all my time. Bimeby she settled an' 'gan rockin' in a cheer, an' cryin'. I don't see what she wuz cryin' fer fer my lickin'!

"Our Allie, she kinder edged up to me an' gin me a bug, an' she whispered in my ear: 'Come along, Tus.' An' we went inter the shed, an' she gin me an all-fired big piece uv bacon an' some bread with 'lasses enter it—slathered. I'll do our Allie a good turn fer that; fer I wuz ez holler ez a seed-squash, an' ther' ain't nothin' hollerer than that, 'cept a churn.

"Dad, he hadn't said nothin', no time. That's one thing I like about dad. When mom's lickin' an' jawin' he jist tends to his own bizness an' don't say nothin' no more ner nothin'. Purty soon I loosened my galluses an' went to bed, an' I seed ole Spider slip in, unbeknownst, an' git under it. 'Bout sun-up I gits out an' I gives Spider a chunk uv bread, fer he wuz lookin' ez thin ez a squeezed frog. I minded that it wuz the first day uv Aprile, an' I 'lowed that none uv 'em should make an Aprile fool uv me. So I find a pie in the corner uv the cupboard, an' I takes it out to the stable, thinkin' maybe it might happen that I'd need it afore night ef ther' wuz goin' to be any more lickin's.

"I seed an' ole hen thar, an' thinks I, 'under her's an all-fired good place to hide my pie, fer she'd keep the rats away from it.' The ole hen she picked an' clucked, but I riz her up an' slips the pie under her. Now, sez I, you jist keep it warm; maybe you'll hatch out some leetle pies er turnovers some day; an' I'm blessed if she didn't spread herself all over that pie till you couldn't see a scollop uv it stickin' out nowhere.

"Mom, she hez a powerful likin' fer eggs, an' so hez rats. If mom hears a ole hen cacklin' she allus drops anything—she's holdin'—a baby er anything, 'cept me—an' runs fer the eggs, so's to git ahead uv the rats. The notion took me somehow, suddint, to fool mom, bein's this is the fast uv Aprile. So in I goes to the cabin, an' our Allie, she gin me some grub fer breakfast.

"Dad, he wears number-twelve boots, an' Aleck, he wears number tens—he hain't uv age yit. They wuz lyin' thar snorin' in bed. So I up an' put dad's boots where Aleck leaves him, an' I put Aleck's boots 'long side dad's bed where he hauls him. Then I chucked the cat on dad's bed—he hates cats—right atween him an' mom, an' I went to makin' a fire on the hearth, quick like an' innocent. Mom, she give a yell, an' dad, he stopped snorin', ez if somethin' hed fell on him, an' jined talkin' all sorts uv ways.

"Our cat hain't got no tail uv no account; 'cause one day—while back—his tail wuz in my way while I wuz diggin' garden, an' I turned it under with the spade. Hit never growed agin. Dad, he reached fer the cat an' he missed gittin' a holt on his stump. Mom grabbed, an' she got him by the fore leg, an' the cat—Stump, we calls him—got her, an' he pintoed done some uv the tallest clawin' and chawin' you ever seed. Mom 'gan to holler an' kiver up her head with the kivers. Dad, he seed the fuss agoin' on, an' he grabbed Stump by the hind leg. I thought Dad knowed better ner that; you can't pull a cat backwards, kin you? Stump, he hung onter mom tighter ner if you wuz pullin' up sassafras root. Mom yelled, an' dad mu'ered somethin', an' Stump, he hollered ez if he wuz bein' rocked on. Bimeby his holt tore out uv mom, an' he cotched on the kivers. Dad, he give an all-fired sling, an' he slung Stump an' the kivers clatter across the cabin, an' thar they wuz lyin'—him an' mom. Then mom, she went fer dad, an' she tounded him good.

"I wuz lookin' sorry ez I could fer holdin' in frum laughin', an' pityin' like, an' I telled her she'd better suck the scratches townoned an'

put mud on 'em. Dad, he lit inter his trousers, an' jined haulin' on one uv Aleck's boots. You jist oughter seed him lift! I thought he'd lift hisself off the floor. He got ez red in the face ez our Allie's meetin' shawl, an' his eyes stuck out 'bout ez big ez raw tomat's—fer Dad kin pull when he's mad. I've had him hitched onter my hair. His swearin' kep' goin' on jist like it were tied together on a fishin'-line with no end to it. He jumped on the heel uv Aleck's boot, an' kicked a hole in the cabin with his toe; but it wuzent no use. He let that un stick an' tried on t'other un. He stuck it, too; an' then sez he: 'I'll lick that ole shoemaker fer not shrinkin' his leather afore he made them boots, an' I'll give a quarter to ketch hold uv the feller that wet 'em.'

"I seed he hed both sets uv his toes stuck ez tight in them boots ez fish-hooks is in a catty; so, I gits nigh the door, an' sez: 'I'll take that quarter, dad. Aleck wet 'em; 'cause I seed him have 'em on wadin' the creek yesterday.'

"I didn't do it nary time,' sez Aleck, sartain like. 'I'll bet you four dollars an' seventeen cents an' a spiled nickle you did,' I sez; fer that wuz all the money I had left frum what I'd arned, arter I'd buyed a tail fer my shirt that got burned off when I sot off the Fourth-uv-July, an' a knife, an' a mouth-organ, an' a hull lot uv fish-hooks, an' a pair uv top boots—Buffalo Bill uns, with red tops an' spread eagles onter 'em—an' a paper uv tacks; fer I'm goin' to fix a sittin'-down place fer the shiney man if he comes foolin' round our Allie any more, an' a ring with a hull lot uv scoops onter it, an' the feller said it wuz a diamant on top uv it, fer our Allie fer next Christmas times. Fer our Allie's good to me, an' don't keep slingin' things at me all the time—arms an' things.

"I'll bet you,' sez Aleck. 'Now jist you tell me when I had them boots on in the creek.'

"All day yisterday,' I says, 'when you were a gigin'; fer them's the boots that Dad's hitched onter by the toes, an' I seed you wadin' the creek in 'em. Now you kin jist give me that four dollars an' seventeen cents an' a spiled nickle.' An' I sez, 'Dad, I guess you're kinder fooled, this bein' the fast uv Aprile. Aleck hez fooled you slick—stickin' his boots 'long side uv your bed fer you to try to git inter. Them is your boots 'long side uv his bed.'

Tus rose from the floor in his excitement, his brown eyes danced with fun, his cheeks colored up under the traces of tears among the various deposits of dirt upon his face, as he took his favorite attitude for active illustration.

"You jist ought to seed dad go fer Aleck. He hobbled across the cabin to whar Aleck was layin' in bed, like a jumpin' cow with side-hobbles onter her legs, an' he grabbed Aleck, an' he shook him till the ole bed cracked like the bow our uv a log-raft, an' Aleck wuz floppin' up an' down like a minner on a rock. When dad got done shakin' him an' Aleck could see things agin, he jined lookin' at me an' gittin' ready to jump out uv bed—quick like—fer to grab me. I thought thar hed been 'nough fun in the cabin, so I gits fer the stable; fer I 'spicioned Aleck ud bear me a grudge.

"You've been in our stable, hain't you, colonel? You mind the door hain't got no hinges. Dad says hinges are no use nohow—allus takin' flixin'. So we rears it up. You mind jist inside the door thar's a powerful big dug-out full uv water fer waterin' the stock, an' you mind thar's a winder right over it. Well, mom allus gits in by that winder, feet foremost, like a woman allus does; so's she kin hold her skeerts down. Thar's a board 'cross the trough—on top uv it—an' she slides 'cross that; an' that's the way she gits in—scootin' like. I gits a pitch-fork hannel an' prizes off the board, an' fixes it loose like over the trough where it wuz afore; an' then I jines cacklin' like I'd laid more than two dozen eggs, an' once in a bit I'd put in a big cackle fer the ole rooster. I've studied many a time what the ole rooster cackles fer anyhow, tain't none uv his business—eggs. Kin you tell me, colonel? Well, I thought maybe you knowed, havin' larnin'. I got ahind the corn-chist—cacklin' an' lookin' atween the logs, an' I seed mom come a-runnin' fer a egg, an' Aleck wuz standin' at the corner uv the cabin, peekin' round fer me, with a clap-board in his hand.

"Fust mom stuck one foot inter the winder and then tother, an' then the rest uv her come; an' then she sot on the board that wuz 'cross the trough, and guv a scoot. An'—oh, great snakes! Geewollipper! You ought to hev seed that board drape, an' mom woller in the trough! I had to stop cacklin' fer laughin'. She went in back'ards, an' her head wuz clatter under the water, an' she ferrigged to tend her skeerts; an' thar she woller an' splashed an' wollerred. I minded a time er two to help her out; fer I wuz kinder skeered at her duckin' an' chokin' an' spittin'; but I knowed I'd laugh

every time, an' I minded the lickin'-saplin' she had, an' I had no bark in; so I jist thought she might git the water out uv her the best way she could. Bimeby, arter a bit, she sot up an' wrung the water out uv her eyes, an' sot lookin' round fer somethin' to jaw at; I knowed dad ud catch it fer leavin' that board loose.

"I guess it wuz purty cold sittin' in the trough; fer she got out uv it hasty like. You ought to hev seed mom dreen; she must hev soaked up more'n forty gouds full uv water, fer she dreened like a sheep arter washin' time. I knowed she'd hev to say somethin' purty soon, fer her lickin' arm 'gan to go, an' she wuz shakin' an' gittin' mad. She didn't hear no more cacklin' nowhar, an' she started jawin' on any hen that ud cackle fer nothin', an' any ole fool uv a rooster that ud be took in by it. But nothin' heerd her 'cept me, so she give herself a shake, an' the water flew jist like it does off uv ole Spider arter he's come out frum bein' throwed in fer swimmin'; an' she wrung out her skeerts an' started huntin' eggs.

"I knowed I wuz in fer it if she looked ahind the chist where I wuz, but she branched off an' seed the ole hen sittin' sober ez if she wuz at a preachin'.

"Says she: 'I jist pintoedly believe it wuz you cacklin' that fooled me, you tarnel ole egg kiver. Don't you know no better than to go a-layin' when you hain't done settin' yit?' An' she hauled an' give her a clip 'longside the head, jist ez if it wuz me, an' off she flew an' jined cacklin'. 'I knowed it wuz you,' sez mom. 'I'll cook you with noodlens ez soon ez you are done settin' an' cluckin'. Then she seed my pie. You ought to pintoedly hev had your eyes on mom, colonel, when she sot hern on that pie. 'Well, I never!' sez she; an' she went down on her prayer-jints 'longside uv the nest to see ef it wuz a rale pie sure enough. She feeled it, an' she bit off a piece an' tasted it. 'Well, I never!' sez she. 'If it hain't warm. It beats miracles all holler. That pie is my make; them's my scollops an' edges, an' my thumbin' on the crust. Well, I never! Hit's good yit, an' I'm goin' to save it. How on earth did it git yere under that ole hen?'

"Mom, she jined getherin' up the pie an' lookin' round where I wuz fer eggs er pies er somethin', an' she spied me. I yells, 'Boo!' An' she give a screech louder than a steamboat yellin'. Aleck, he come a-runnin', an' downed the stable-door to git at the screechin'; an' he seed howt 'twas. I wuz tryin' to git atween a couple uv logs—a slit like—an' Aleck, he went fer me. Mom got me by the legs, an' Aleck, he took me with the clap-board. Hit weren't fair, two agin one; were it? An' me fast in a slit.

"I couldn't git for'ard, so I backed out agin the clap-board; fer it were agin me near all the time, 'peared to me; an' I backed clatter under mom an' upset her; an' she smashed my pie. Then I gitted fer here; fer I wanted to see you afore I started to goin' agin. Fer you—fer you—you hez allus been good to me, an'—an'—"

The boy's handsome face brightened with gratitude, while his bright eyes were lustrous with deep feeling. "Come, Tus, I am very glad to see you again. I have not had breakfast yet; you must take some with me," I said, sympathetically.

"Thankee," he replied, pulling a piece of bacon from his pocket; "I've some grub left yit. But the pie's a goner. I want to slip 'round the cabin somehow an' git our Allie out to say her good-bye; fer she's good to me. An' I wants to give ole Spider the scent uv me, fer I can't leave him nohow. I'm goin' agin. I knows whar a blind woman lives, an' her man's deaf, that wants a young feller to do jimmin' round fer a dollar a week an' grub, an' washin' an' mendin'. But thar's no fishin' hanny. I reckon I'll hev to let the peerch-fishin' go till nex' spring. No," he continued after a slight pause, in which he brightened up as the thought came to him; "I'll be back yere fer the Fourth uv July ef you're goin' to give me some uv it to fire off.

"I say—I kinder think you'll do what I ax you fer me." Tus began fumbling rapidly in his pockets. "Yere's the ring I buyed fer our Allie. I wish when Christmas time comes round—ef I don't git back fer Fourth uv July—you'd go to our palins an' holler fer her; an' when she comes you tell her that Tus gives it to her fer Christmas gift; fer she's—fer she's—fer—"

The poor little fellow broke down entirely and had a good long cry, which suddenly changed to a merry laugh. "I say, colonel, look yere; I fixed this fer the shiney man."

With laugh and tears and glee he produced from his pocket a small package carefully tied up in heavy pieces of bark. Hurrying off the strings, he released an old piece of boot-leg driven full of tacks, which protruded from it in a savage manner. He began talking again with great earnestness. "Now you mind close what

I'm sayin', so's you won't make no mistake. Down 'long the river—jist below our cabin—thar's a fallen sycamore with the bark onter it, an' close up agin the root uv it, ez close ez he kin git her, is whar our Allie sets when the shiney man is a-sparkin' her. Now you measure her off from that root, an' thar's whar the shiney man begins. Thar's some thin slivers uv bark onter the log right thar—a leetle furdur 'long from whar he begins. You take this tack-piece an' jist slip it under one uv 'em slivers, pints up, an' let 'em stay thar. Ef you sees that shiney man 'round, an' he's edgin' up to our Allie, an' has his hair tled an' his boots shined, an' a grin on his face, an' it's Saturday, he's goin' to keep company with her—them's the signs; you jist slip down past the sycamore log, whar you'll put the tacks, an' a leetle furdur on thar's a stump. You kin stan' ahind it an' see the fun. I reckon he'll jump clean inter the river when he sets down on them tacks. I'm kinder done out about it that I can't stay yere to see him a-rubbin' hisself, an' dancin', an' gittin' his shiney clothes spilled in the duck-in'. You kin tell me 'bout it—how he done it—when I gits yere fer the Fourth uv July. Good-day, colonel. I'm goin' agin. I'll hang 'round yere somewhar—hidin'—till night comes, an' when they all gits to sleep in the cabin I'm goin' to holler 'Fire!' Fer I come yere to have some Aprile-foolin', an' I'm goin' to have it."

The Amateur Afield.

(Continued from page 323.)

o'clock, either in the shell or in pair-oars, and do not leave the river until after six. Sometimes it is much later before the tired men put their boat in the house and stroll away for dinner. This difference in conditions proves either that Cornell makes extraordinary progress in a short time, or that the other crews work more than is necessary, and perhaps both these things are true. When college presidents are thinking and saying so much about the time consumed in athletic exercise, the example of Cornell should not be forgotten. Possibly Yale and Harvard might learn something at Ithaca.

The Cornell crew to-day is rowing in fairly good form, although the severe storms of the spring made satisfactory progress impossible for a time. Last month the oarsmen had to dig their way through snow and ice in order to get to the boat-house, and then were obliged to pull up and down the creek through "slush" several inches thick. Six of the eight are old men, and these have a good grasp of Mr. Courtney's ideas on rowing. The other two are learning, but not so rapidly as the coach would like to have them. The new launch, which ought to be ready before long, will make it much easier for the crew and the coach to come to an understanding. It will be a first-class boat and will be fully fast enough to keep up with the eight. Although Cornell men are not saying much, it is easy to see that they expect to defeat the University of Pennsylvania this year. The Ithaca crew is made up as follows: Bow, Freeborn, weight, 170; 2, Robbins, 170; 3, Hager, 173; 4, Dyer, 165; 5, Carber, 183; 6, Troy, 163; 7, Shape, 170; stroke, Hall, 173; coxswain, Allen, 95. Carber has never rowed before and Dyer was in the freshman boat last year. The others are veterans.

THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY CREW.

The difference between the crew just discussed and the rival eight from the University of Pennsylvania is very marked. The Cornell men row the professional stroke, so-called; their backs are not straight, and the number of times they put their oars in the water is very large. The Pennsylvania candidates are trying, under the coaching of Mr. Woodruff, the old Yale oarsman, to row the stroke which has taken so many victories to New Haven. Mr. Woodruff's task is not an easy one. He must teach his lesson not to men who are entirely ignorant of rowing, but to those who have rowed before in what he considers a wrong way. Consequently, he must eradicate the past before he can accomplish anything. He has in the eight, for instance, Bull, who stroked the Atlanta crew last year, and Hancock, who stroked the Maltas. These two candidates are anxious to learn, but it is almost impossible for them to forget what they have been taught in their old crews. The eight is now rowing in the following order: Bow, J. H. Wagenhurst, weight, 159; 2, A. E. Bull, 166; 3, C. J. Marshall, 167; 4, J. H. Farrar, 174; 5, W. G. Woodruff, 185; 6, F. Hancock, 176; 7, O. F. Wagenhurst, captain, 167; stroke, H. P. Beck, 160; coxswain, Perkins, 108.

These places are not all assured. There are two substitutes—Minds, one hundred and seventy-three pounds, and Peterson, one hundred and fifty-two, who are quite likely to supplant bow and four unless the latter two improve in

their work. At present the work of the crew is far from satisfactory; the men row according to their own notions, and Mr. Woodruff is trying to get rid of the breaks of which the boat is full. He has to put the candidates through a good deal of "tubbing," as rowing in the pair-oar is called, and the crew went out in the shell for the first time only about two weeks ago. They have hardly learned yet to keep the boat on an even keel, and their general form has hardly been touched. Mr. Woodruff thinks, however, that the chances of having an eight better than last year's are fairly good. Last year the difference between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania crews was very small. If the latter can improve, Cornell may be defeated. Victory for Mr. Woodruff would be substantially a triumph for the Yale stroke, and for that very reason he is very anxious to win.

The race between these crews will be rowed on the Delaware about June 15th. The exact date has not yet been fixed. The course is a very good one to look at, and is wide enough for a dozen eights to row abreast. The inhabitants of the vicinity say that the water is seldom rough, especially in the early evening, when the race will come off.

THE PRINCETON-HARVARD BALL GAME.

The first Princeton-Harvard base-ball game resulted, as every one supposed it would, in a victory for the New Jersey players; they batted harder than any other college team has in an important game for years, and treated Wiggin and Highlands with about equal consideration. And yet the game was not discouraging to the wearers of the crimson, at least it should not be. The game was lost in the seventh inning, after chances had been given to put two men out. Highlands made a miserable throw to first and Corbett an inexcusable muff in centre field. After these two errors the nine, and particularly the pitcher, went to pieces. If two men had been out when Princeton began its batting streak, seven runs would never have been made in the inning. Excepting that one inning, the batting of the two nines showed only a slight preponderance in favor of Princeton, and Harvard excelled in fielding.

It is very dangerous to make predictions on college base-ball games, but the writer ventures the statement that Harvard will win the game between these two colleges at Cambridge on May 30th. The Princeton team is not nearly so strong as some people have supposed it to be, and away from the encouragement of their own backers the players will not do nearly as well as they did at Princeton. With Carter in the box, Yale ought to win the series from its New Jersey rivals. There is no comparison between the fielding of the nines and the difference is all in Yale's favor. Princeton will outbat Yale unless there is decided and sudden improvement at New Haven. Rumor says that Altman will not pitch the games against Yale. If Bradley's arm were in good condition he would be much the better pitcher of the two, but now Altman seems to be the only reliable man on whom Captain Mackenzie can call.

John O. Merrill.

Dr. William Pepper.

THE resignation of Doctor William Pepper, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has called public attention to the fact that the second oldest seat of learning in this country is situated in the Quaker City, and that in importance, advantages, and facilities it is second to none. When Doctor Pepper took charge in 1881 this institution had eighty-eight instructors and



DR. WILLIAM PEPPER.

981 students; he leaves with 2,180 students and 268 instructors on its rolls. The amount of land has increased from fifteen to fifty-two acres, and in value, lands, buildings, endowments and all, has grown from \$1,600,000 to over five millions. No college in this country can point to such development within the same space of time. All this

is due to Doctor Pepper. Other institutions, such as those in California and Chicago, have been the points of large endowments or of some special movement, but Doctor Pepper's achievement has been with an old institution, which seemed to be left far behind in the progress of the times.

Dr. Pepper belongs to an old and distinguished Philadelphia family, noted for their civic and national pride. Before assuming the office of provost of the university he enjoyed one of the most lucrative practices as physician in his native city. It is to resume this practice, partially suspended, that he has resigned his office. As a parting gift to his alma mater he has given the university he has re-created \$50,000. The secret of his success as provost is akin to his success as physician; profound knowledge, the highest purpose, great dignity, gentleness and firmness combined.

A Sigh in Spring.

THE rough brown sod at my feet
Holds up its handful of clover,
And a butterfly hovers over,
Bright as a dream and fleet—
And the larks through the sunlight pass
Too busy for any singing.
Shreds and soft mosses bringing
For the low, warm nest in the grass.

I feel the joy of the days—
The bliss of kind, humble loving,
The tender and wise reproving.
Of Nature's true, simple ways—
And I sigh, as I pass along,
"Oh, that I, too, were plaiting
A nest, for my sweet mate, waiting—
Too busy and blest for song!"

MARY ANIGE DEVERE.

Three Carolina Captains.

WE give herewith portraits of Captains John G. Capers, Joseph K. Alston, and J. M. Bateman, of Columbia, South Carolina, who command the Zouaves, the Richland Volunteers, and the Governor's Guards, respectively, and were the first in the State to refuse to obey Governor Tillman's orders and take up arms and march to Darlington in the recent dissenary riots.

For two reasons the matter is still a living and most interesting one. In the first place the volunteer militia law of South Carolina, having no requirement for enlistment, is such that if the Governor orders these and other officers in the State who did likewise to be court-martialed, there will be interesting and important questions of militia law passed upon and decided. Then, too, the question having already been raised, the daily press is teeming with communications pro and con.

Captain Capers, a son of Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina, is a military man of education, skill, and experience, and his company's action indicates that it cordially supported him in his honest conviction of duty. Captain Alston, a graduate of the V. M. I., comes from a long line of Carolina's most distinguished people, and he is among the leading young men of the State. Captain Bateman commands the Governor's Guards, one of the crack companies of the State and a pride to Carolina. This officer is a young man of the highest standing and exceptional knowledge of militia law and service.

Our Foreign Pictures.

HOLIDAY SPORTS IN PANAMA.

AMONG our foreign pictures is one depicting holiday-making in Panama, on the anniversary of the overthrow of the Spanish authority and the declaration of the independence of the sovereign State of Panama. This anniversary is celebrated with great spirit during three days, when, by decree of the Governor, horse-racing, bull-teasing, and similar amusements are allowed on the principal streets of the town.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT.

THE ratification of the Russo-German commercial treaty has brought once more into prominence that most remarkable of present-day Russians, Serge Ioulevitch Witte, Imperial Minister of Finances, to whose able efforts the success of that undertaking is almost entirely due. Witte has held his post for less than two years, yet his record already far outshines that of any of his predecessors. His energetic measures have produced order out of the direct chaos, and have enabled the Russian government to replete a well-nigh exhausted treasury.

THE JUBILEE "FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER."

IT is now fifty years since the above named humorous paper was started in Munich by Messrs. Kaspar Braun and Friedrich Schneider. Its immense success can be explained by the fact that they so happily struck the right vein of German humor and especially that of southern Germany, of which Munich is the capital.

In time all Germany—the students, army, civil officers, literary men, and even clergymen—became contributors to the *Fliegende*, and to the numerous artists and painters of the Royal Academy are due the splendid sketches which won for the paper world-wide fame. During the first ten or twelve years the *Fliegende Blätter* did not appear regularly every week, but merely from time to time. The two publishers were an excellent team. Kaspar Braun, a clever artist, endowed with a merry soul and a rich flowing vein of humor; Friedrich Schneider, to the contrary, was possessed of a tender and poetic soul. The former also took charge of the artistic part, and the latter fixed the literary standard of the periodical. Kaspar Braun died in 1879 and his partner in 1864. Their oldest sons now conduct the business.

THE COLONEL OF THE "ROYALS."

The appointment of the Emperor William as Colonel-in-chief of the First "Royal" Dragoons in the British Army places his Imperial Majesty at the head of a regiment admittedly one of the finest and most distinguished in the Queen's service. In itself, also, the appointment is a unique distinction, for no foreign potentate has ever previously held a commission in the British Army. Our picture shows the Emperor in the uniform of the Dragoons.

OUT-DOOR PARIS COSTUMES.

One of our illustrations shows some of the new out-door spring costumes of Paris.

Paul J. Sorg.

THE NEW MILLIONAIRE CONGRESSMAN
FROM OHIO.

THE recent election of Paul J. Sorg to Congress from the Third Ohio District cannot be considered a Democratic victory. Although nominated by a Democratic convention, Mr. Sorg's personal popularity, his business qualifications, and philanthropic application of his great wealth, determined his success.

Besides, he was backed up by a normal Democratic majority of nearly four thousand, and the late Mr. Hawk, whom Mr. Sorg succeeds, carried the district in 1892 by four thousand three hundred. Less than two years afterward Mr. Sorg was glad to carry the same district, comprising the counties of Preble, Montgomery, and Butler, by barely two thousand majority.

There is great satisfaction with Mr. Sorg's victory. He is five times a millionaire, but is a plain, matter-of-fact business man, who has done

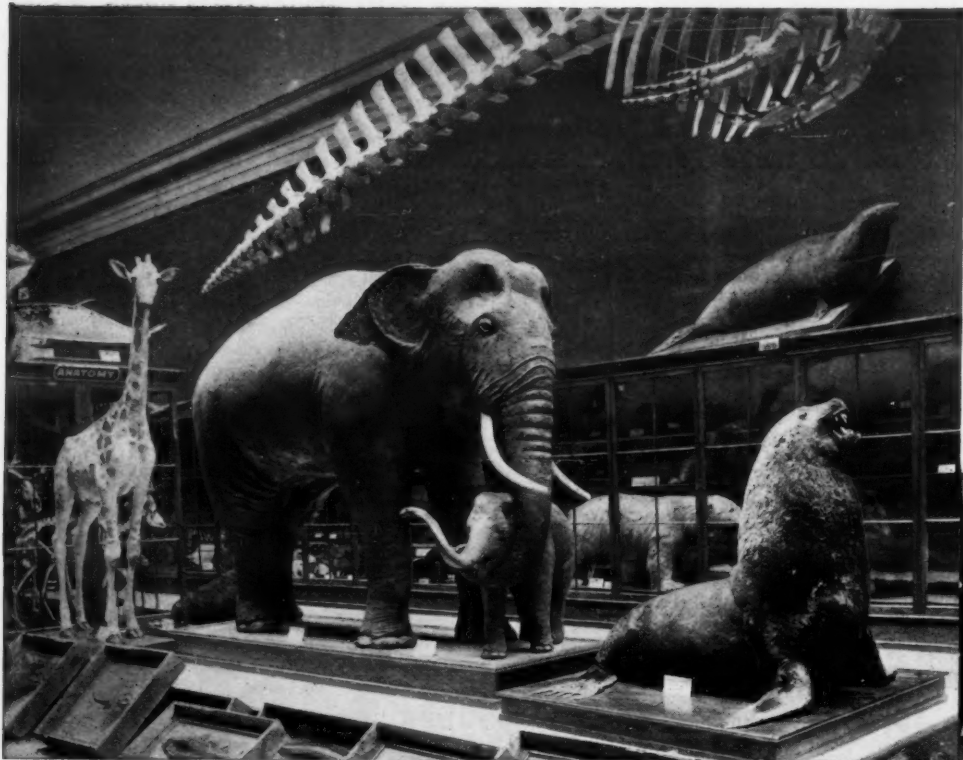


HON. PAUL J. SORG.

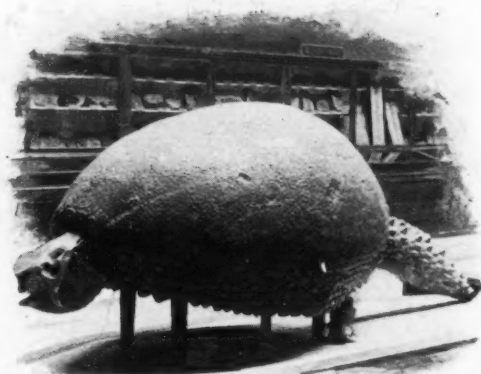
great things for his home city of Middletown. He is fifty-three years old. He was born of German parents in Wheeling, Virginia, and learned the trade of moulder in Cincinnati.

He was a hard-working mechanic up to the close of the Civil War, and, after the fashion of industrious Germans, saved a few dollars for a better start in life. He conceived the idea of manufacturing plug tobacco, and began in a small way with limited capital. In fact, when he first started in Cincinnati, he would buy but a single hoghead of tobacco at a time. The business grew, and he moved to Middletown in 1871. Since then he has lived there, and by fair, honest business methods and sagacious enterprise has made himself the richest man of the rich Miami valley. He had no desire for the recent nomination, but it was forced upon him by a unanimous desire of the Democrats. The result is the more gratifying to him because his neighbors at home voted for him without regard to politics. Mr. Sorg will serve only until March 4th. He will, however, undoubtedly be the candidate at the regular election in November, and his election means a revision of Democratic plans in Ohio, as he may be the nominee for Governor in 1895.

FRANK B. GESSNER.



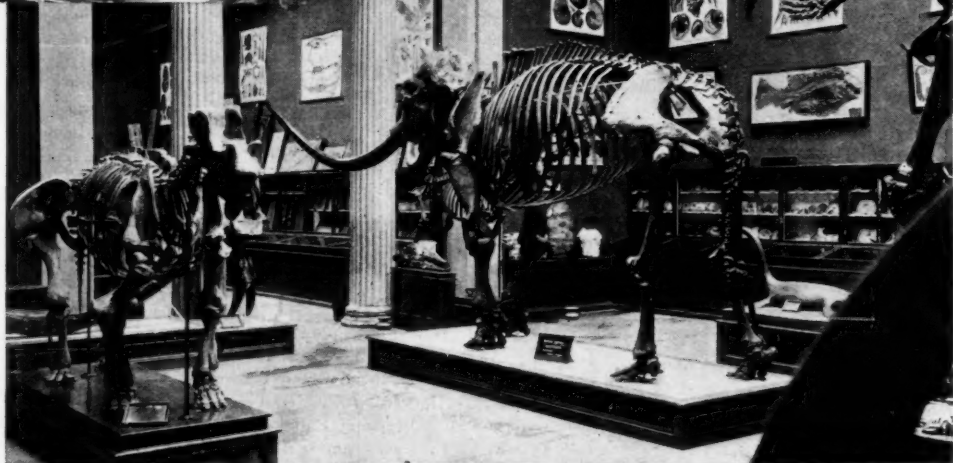
GIRAFFE, ELEPHANT AND SEA LIONS.



RESTORATION OF GLYPTADON.



CAST OF SKELETON OF COLOSSOCHELYS ATLAS



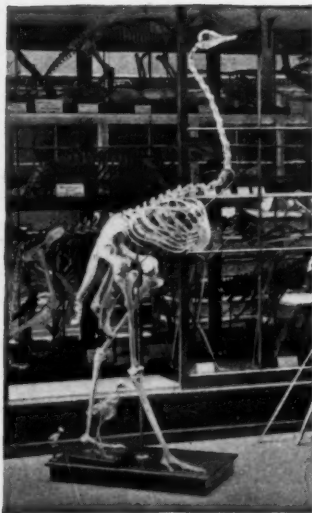
SKELETONS OF MASTODON AND HADROSOURAS.



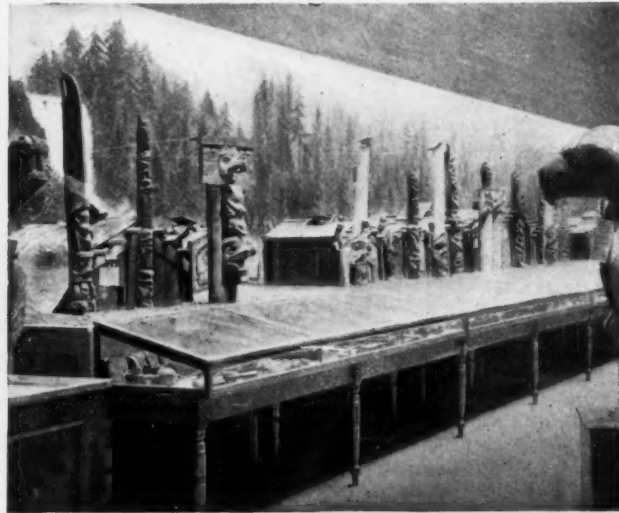
MODELS OF SOUTH AMERICAN CARRIERS.



GROUP OF AMERICAN PANTHERS (PUMAS).



SKELETON OF OSTRICH.



BRITISH COLUMBIAN INDIAN VILLAGE GRAVE ORNAMENTS.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEWEE
EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—[SEE PAGE 328.]
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Spanish Fiesta at Coronado Beach.

A NOVEL entertainment, unparalleled in the history of Alta California since its admission to the Union of States, has just been presented at Coronado Beach, across the bay from San Diego, the southernmost city of California. Here, on the borderland of the country, was held, on April 21st, 23d and 24th a *fiesta*, fashioned after those of the early days, during the Spanish occupation, when rude sports and feats of daring engaged the efforts of the youth of the land, and every rancher's son was skilled in horsemanship and acquainted with the dangers of the bull-pen.

At frequent intervals in the days of long ago these *fiestas* were held, the mission Fathers lending to them the sanction of the church, and participating in the gayeties with all the zest of the yeomanry. Indeed, some of the most notable bull-fights ever occurring in this country were those that took place within the adobe walls of the amphitheatre connected with the old mission of San Juan Capistrano, not far from the present city of San Diego.

It was the purpose of Mr. E. S. Babcock, the prime mover in this late event, to reproduce as nearly as possible the amusements of that romantic era, now long past, and to inaugurate

a series of annual *fiestas*, in which a glimpse of the old Spanish régime could be obtained by those to whom the novelty of the entertainment offered would be a genuine delight. The better to impart a local coloring, the presence of the aborigines was desired, and in addition to many of the Indians belonging to the California tribes, representatives of the Cocopahs from Lower California and of the Yumas from beyond the Colorado River in Arizona, were invited to attend the games. A band of Pueblo Indians, coming from Isleta, in the little republic of Shee-e-huib-bak, was also present, their picturesque costumes and jaunty demeanor being in marked contrast to the unkempt though equally interesting appearance of the nomads who came from the deserts and mountains of Arizona and Lower California. During the progress of the *fiesta* they were engaged in their native industries, such as belt-weaving, moccasin-making, preparing the "wasp-nest" bread, and displaying their wares, while illustrating their mode of life and ingenuity.

While at Coronado they were under the special care of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the well-known contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S, and whose works have portrayed this quaint people faithfully and well. The presence of Mrs. Lummis and the generous treatment accorded to them at the Hotel del Coronado

(Continued on page 328.)

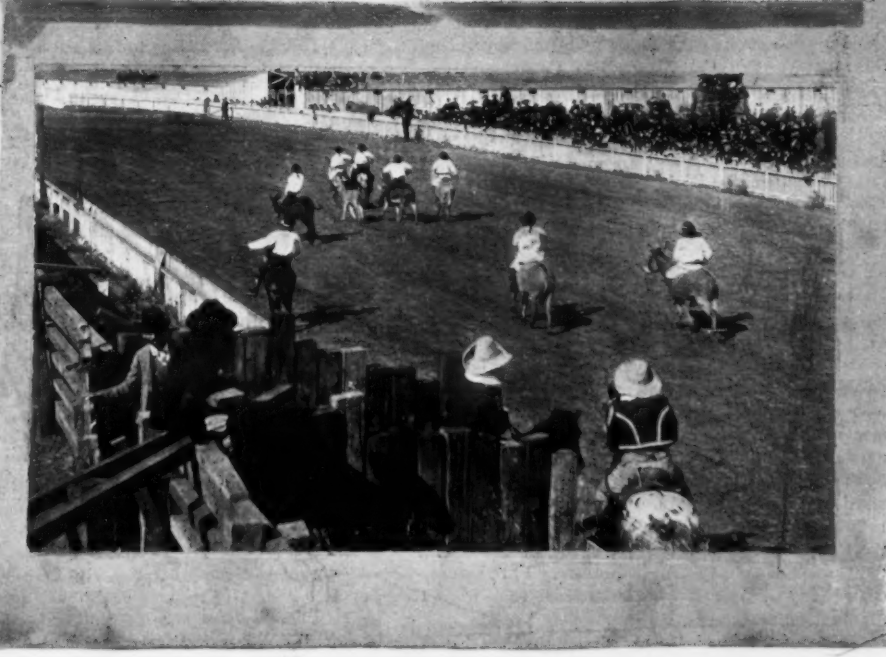
PUEBLO WOMAN AND DAUGHTERS.



A BULL-FIGHT—PLAYING WITH THE BULL.



BREAKING A BUCKING BRONCO.



INDIAN BURRO RACE.

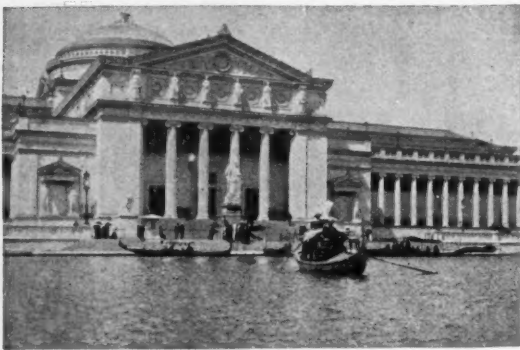
REVIVAL OF OLD SPANISH SPORTS—THE RECENT FIESTA AT CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY D. S. SMITH FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. E. SLOCUM, SAN DIEGO.

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The Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago.

THE World's Columbian Exposition still lives in the Field Columbian Museum, thanks to the munificent generosity of the millionaire Chicago merchant whose name it bears, and the unselfish co-operation of his fellow-citizens. A million or two locked up in a bank or invested in cottons and woollens is not much in these days, but given at the right time for a wise beneficence it is a fund which will draw usury for the public good for all time to come.

It was Marshall Field's idea that the World's Fair should not be utterly lost to Chicago and



THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

to the world; that its vast educational exhibits, utterly useless in dispersion, would be of inestimable value gathered together under one roof, with others to be added from time to time, and made freely accessible to the students of the various educational institutions and the general public. It was not his purpose to establish a museum simply as a place of amusement, but rather a gallery of object-lessons, where the world's progress, physical and intellectual, might be studied, and further progress made easier. In carrying out this idea the museum, which will be opened to the public in Jackson Park this summer, becomes an epitome of the great exposition which was held on that spot a year ago and excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

I confess that it was with the expectation of seeing little more than an incongruous collection of World's Fair left-overs that I wandered through the old Art Gallery by the lake one cold day in March. Even with the accumulations of the Midway I expected to see the annexes unoccupied, with vistas of vacancy in the main building. Never was I more surprised. The great building, with its six acres of floor space, was full of exhibits, with car-loads waiting outside. Amid seeming chaos I readily discerned an ordered plan, and already many rooms were arranged with collections worthy of any museum in the world, while I saw beginnings of an industrial and technical museum, which, if I am not mistaken, may create in this wonderful West such treasures of industry as the Aubusson and Sèvres works in France. Indeed, as I saw the greatness of the plan unfolded and beheld its wonderful possibilities for the future I seemed to see in Jackson Park another British Museum, or, in other words, an American museum which should occupy the same position toward America that that splendid institution does to the British empire.

This promise seems doubly assured when we look at the personnel of the museum staff. In the selection of Fred. J. V. Skiff, the energetic ex-chief of the Mining Department of the World's Fair and the able lieutenant of Director-General Davis, as the director-in-chief of the museum, its career was at once marked out upon broad, practical and progressive lines. Mr. Skiff, whose judgment of men is unerring, has appointed an efficient scientific and technical staff, while he himself remains as the responsible head of the museum and all its departments. All the appointees are men who have done excellent work in their own departments, at the National Museum, with the great railways of the country, or at the World's Fair.

The entrance hall and the rotunda are devoted to plaster casts and models of the World's Fair statuary, and one recognizes old friends in the well-remembered forms by Martigny, Bitter, Crawford, Taft, Proctor and others. In the centre of the rotunda stands St. Gaudens's colossal figure of Columbus, which formerly looked out upon the Court of Honor from the east portal of the Administration building.

But we are naturally more interested in the collections of the museum proper. The arrangement begins with the creation of the world, illustrates the structure thereof, and ascends, through all the forms of vegetable and animal

life from fossil ferns to fruits and flowers, from the mammoth up to man. Then, naturally, follows man and his works, illustrating his life upon this planet from the stone age to the present day, with his progress in the industrial arts, his metal work, textile fabrics and pottery, his railroads and electrical inventions.

Valuable additions to the museum are being made daily. A large collection of replicas of Egyptian casts in the Berlin Museum is one of the latest, and President E. E. Ayer, of the Museum Association, is now in Egypt holding a handful of commissions from wealthy Chicagoans to "buy everything in sight worth taking." Then Mr. C. M. Foulke, of Washington, has announced his intention to loan his magnificent tapestries, made for Pope Urban VIII. about 1620, and since hung in the Barbarini palace. They are illustrative of the life of Christ, and will be ultimately presented to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, special alterations having been made in the plans to give them appropriate wall space. It is also probable that Pope Leo will make his loan of Vatican replicas a gift to the museum out of compliment to Mr. Onahan, whom he made a chevalier for his services to the church during the World's Fair.

One of the most noticeable and valuable of the exhibits is the large natural science collection which was exhibited in the Anthropological and Mining buildings. This embraces something like one hundred thousand specimens, including minerals, ores, metals, fossils, corals, skeletons, and mounted fish, bird, and beast. Some of these specimens are of remarkable beauty and perfection, and others are precious for their rarity. The rooms devoted to economic geology contain a complete exposition of the mining industries of the country, metal-working, coal and mineral oils, the quarries, etc. These exhibits occupy almost the entire western wing and annex, while a splendid botanical and forestry exhibit fills the galleries.

The halls of anthropology include the valuable collections made two years ago in North, Central, and South America at the instance of Professor Putnam, beside many others which were contributed by foreign nations. These collections are already in some respects superior even to the Smithsonian collection in Washington.

Perhaps the most promising divisions of the museum, from a utilitarian point of view, are those of the mechanic arts, including the railway museum. So far they are unfinished, but the beginnings are enough to outline the future. There are rooms devoted to pottery, to metal working, to the textile industries, to gems and gem-cutting (a magnificent exhibit), to electricity, and to transportation. The Museum of the World's Railways is a special department. It is already doubtless the most complete railway museum in the world, and will be greatly extended in accordance with the magnitude of the railway interests of this country.

The Columbian Memorial Museum embraces the more important features of the La Rabida exhibit of Columbiana, displayed to much better advantage than in the cramped cloisters of the mimic monastery. It is interesting to note, by the way, that in the working force of the museum are representatives of both aboriginal America and the Zipangu, which Columbus supposed he had discovered. Last, but not least, a library of upward of twelve thousand volumes of valuable scientific and technical works, Columbiana, etc., in various languages, completes the equipment of this magnificent and, in some respects, unique institution; a national museum and academy of the industrial arts of which not Chicago alone but America may be justly proud. JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Spanish Fiesta.

(Continued from page 327.)

where they were lionized during their stay in California, relieved them from all embarrassment and insured their enjoyment of their strange experiences.

The festivities included lassoing of wild cattle by horsemen in old Spanish costumes. One by one the steers were released from the corral. As they dashed out into the race-track, the *vagueros*, one at a time, started in pursuit. The fun was fast and furious. Scarcely had one animal been released before another was out and another race begun. Ambrosio Valenzuela, a full-blooded Indian, proved efficient in this part of the programme; quickly throwing his steer and leaving his horse to hold the prostrate animal with the *riata*, he would leap lightly down

and tie its legs, mounting, when the animal was secured, to start after another. Roberto Machado caught and tied his steer in the wonderfully quick time of thirty-four seconds. Don Tomas Alvarado, in the act of catching a steer, swung downward to catch the *riata*, trailing on the ground, when the treacherous spur gave way, throwing him to the earth. He was unhurt and continued in the sport.

Other amusements offered were cowboy races, mad dashes in which the horses manifested as much delight as their masters; donkey races, the riders facing tailward; hurdle races, differing from those seen elsewhere only in the strange surroundings and the reckless abandon of the contestants; and many novel feats rarely attempted save by the rough riders of the frontier. The "tailing" of the steers excited much laughter. This was merely the throwing of the animals by catching them by the tails, and as they fell they turned completely over. The surprise with which the poor beasts scrambled to their feet, as well as the speed developed by them in retreat from the scene of their confusion, was quite amusing, especially as they did not appear to have experienced any serious injury from the encounter. During the course of the *fiesta* all these sports were introduced and many more.

Great interest was centred in the bull-fights. Antonio Mendoza, a famous *matador* of old Mexico, had come all the way from Colima to participate in this part of the entertainment, and with him came *torreadores* of experience and undoubted bravery. J. F. BLUNT.

Reunion of Confederate Veterans.

THE Fourth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, which took place at Birmingham, Alabama, the last week in April, was the greatest ever held. Over ten thousand Southern soldiers, with as many visitors, were present. These thousands were housed and handled with an ease that brought many compliments to the young "magic city of the South."

The reunion was held in the immense Winnie Davis Wigwam, holding ten thousand persons. The day was devoted to business, the evening to concerts and tableaux. Banquets, drills, and private entertainments and reunions occupied the remainder of the time. A characteristic Southern feature was the representation of the Confederate States by young ladies reflecting the beauty and charm of Southern society. These enacted in tableaux the "Secession of the States," "Victory," "Defeat," and "The Reunion of the Blue and the Gray." Fine soloists, supported by chorus and orchestra, rendered "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Maryland! My Maryland!" "The Southern Marseillaise," and, of course, "Dixie." The singing of "Dixie" always aroused the audience to the highest pitch of excitement. They would take up the air and break out into volley after volley of "rebel yells," recalling in most realistic fashion times when it had leaped in triumph or defiance from these same throats. Then a wave of sadness would sweep over the vast auditory as they recalled the quenching of their hopes in disaster and defeat. All this must be understood from a Southern standpoint. To rekindle such memories is more than a sentiment to them. It is a duty—a religion. To forget the past, they hold, is to confess that they fought without convictions and to abandon their dead. It is to prove themselves unworthy of future confidence. "Can any good come forth of a generation that believe their fathers were traitors?" asks Thomas Nelson Page. "It is not a lost cause," said one and another. "The right of secession is gone, but honor is not lost; the story of valor remains; our Southern air is sung in all lands, and our heroes shine in an everlasting galaxy of glory." "It is worth all our sacrifices," declared one, "to have given the world one Robert E. Lee."

But throughout the speeches ran protestations of loyalty to the Union, and though the Southern emblems floated everywhere, the national flag was everywhere in the ascendancy. A true test of the Southern feeling was the invitation extended to the Grand Army of the Republic to meet at Atlanta. It shone out also in the reception accorded to General Clyde Miller, commander of the Grand Army for Alabama. General Miller in turn complimented General Gordon for his chivalry in saving the life of General F. C. Barlow at Gettysburg, and presented him with a cane cut from Barlow Hill, on that battle-field, characterizing General Gordon as the typical American soldier. General Gordon, in an eloquent response, dwelt upon the friendship of the Confederate and Federal soldiers, and "pledged to the Union the patriotism of as noble a people as the sun shines on."

A one-legged Confederate stated that his life had been saved by Major Milsted, of the Union

army, whereupon the major was escorted to the stand and greeted with ringing cheers.

This good feeling was not manufactured on the occasion. It was shown in the invitation before the reunion to Mrs. General Grant to attend. Southern soldiers would have been glad to recognize the magnanimity of Grant in returning the sword of Lee. It is certain they will keep and reverence a sword sacred even to their conqueror.

The corner-stone of a soldiers' and sailors' monument was laid in Capitol Park before a vast throng, and funds were collected to complete the monument at Chicago, of which a fine model was unveiled in the wigwam. Steps were also taken to present the war and its causes from a Southern standpoint, and an appeal was made to the Southern colleges to collect the records of Southern life. From any standpoint these will be of value. The muse of history, however, must take the records and digest from all sources the truth and its lessons.

After all, the vindication of the sires must be in the sons. We doubt not that a better view of the indomitability and elasticity of Southern character may be found in the wonderful little city where they were assembled, which in less than a generation has arisen to dispute the supremacy of Pittsburg in the iron and coal industries. It speaks also strikingly in the fact that though reduced a generation ago to poverty and the complete disorganization of her labor system, the South furnishes no recruits for Coxey's motley band in buckram.

It speaks yet more in the great commercial convention called in connection with the reunion to urge the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and to encourage immigration from other sections. Thus the South holds out the latch-string as well as the olive-branch and certifies that the war is over and that the Union is peace. JOHN BARBOUR.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO Cynthia M. Westover.

"Kate Kensington."

THIS face—that of one of the most capable and enterprising of New York's women journalists—is strongly indicative of mental energy and magnetic force. The general shaping of the head tells of a brain which is rapid in action, keen, clear and prompt. Intuitions are spontaneous, and the impressions gained thereby are vivid and never vague. The brow shows an active sense of the relative values of cause and effect, and also a habit of system which is broad and elastic. It is a serene brow, and the eyes also are serene—not the eyes and brow of a



Cynthia M. Westover
pessimist, but of one readily sympathetic. The eyebrows are reflective and concentrated; they speak perseverance and something of wariness. The eyes are candid and vivacious. They sound the key-note of a nature of rare breadth and spontaneity, frank and well strung. Beneath them lies a gift of words and a dash of self-belief which is the foundation of all courage. Individuality is expressed by the nose, and alertness, readiness to receive impression, and a dislike of tedium. The long upper lip, firm mouth, and decided jaw are all indicative of a tenacious and forcible will, but the true energy of this characteristic is expressed by the chin, whose contour is eloquent of courage, executive ability, and resolution.

It is a nature ever generous in its response to the calls made upon its capacities, but is self-reliant, hateful of trickery and not easily imposed upon—a nature which has in its make-up much that is typical of the best in nineteenth-century womanhood.

FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



A LEGHORN PICTURE-HAT.

In Fashion's Glass.

As the buds on trees and hedges in our parks are opening day by day in the warm, bright sunshine, so the novelties for summer are fast appearing.

"May's the month that's laughing now," and the year is repeating its old story again. Ever old, yet ever new. So with fashion, where we find old forms in new framings.

There are plenty of revivals of old-time favorites, such as baréges, grenadines, flowered muslins, piqués and brown linens, and the chief characteristics of the present style of dress are short, round, flaring skirts, huge gigot sleeves, high collars, and fluffy hair. They do not find favor with every one, yet they are quaint enough to suit a few types of beauty.

Broad shoulders and narrow hips are among the leading features, although foreign modistes are endeavoring to introduce draped paniers to some costumes. They are prettiest in flowered fabrics, and are generally favored in organdies and muslins. Green in every shade and tone is to be a ruling favorite in gowns, mantles, hats and gloves, varying from the lightest shade of budding leaves to deep olive tones. It



WEDDING-GOWN.

is cool-looking and appropriate for summer, for those who can wear it becomingly.

In glancing over the long range of seasonable fabrics, a charming vista of delightful gowns is brought to view. Shot crépes, made of pure wool in such colors as blue and fawn, gray and pink, brown and gold, are among the most fashionable of a long and exhaustive range of stuffs, which include cloth and fancy suitings, woven with lightning effects, and small patterns revived from fifty years back, some in

flecked design, one color over another. Cloths and serges assume new faces. The shot hopsacks are more closely woven, and some show a hairy camel's-hair surface, and yet are light weight and cool to wear. The new *voile de coton*, with detached sprays on plain grounds, closely resembles the old-fashioned delaine.

Among wash goods, piqués are the most stylish, and are as carefully "tailor-made" as covert cloth. The most fashionable are made with cut-away coats, which round off the hips to a coat-back and are perhaps caught together with a single button on the breast. The pin-spot piqué is the favorite pattern, and the waistcoat will also be of piqué, but of a more decided color, in red, brown, or butcher blue flecked with white or black. The skirt is cut after the regulation model, narrow at the hips and flaring at the hem, and is made perfectly plain, perhaps with lapped seams.

Bodices totally unlike the skirt are more popular than ever, and are made of every conceivable fabric and color. Balloon-like sleeves are a feature, and likewise the large, ornate silver buckle which closes the belt in front. Circular, rippled basques are seen upon many bodices, and are generally about four or five inches deep. Grass-linen and Holland are being made up extensively for ordinary wear, and are very effective with open coats, besides being deliciously cool for hot weather. Check silks are the most fashionable for dressy bodices, and as a rule have soft velvet collars which close at the back



AFTERNOON DRESS.

with double frills, and correspond in color with the silk check. Sometimes the belt will also be of the velvet.

The season of weddings is with us once more, and some of our recent brides have sought for novelty which would take away the monotony of the conventional wedding. The most noticeable was the vivid costuming of bridesmaids and decorations at a recent wedding, these effects being arrived at by the use of red in fabrics and flowers. It was much admired, and surrounded the bride's pure white dress in a warm, reflected glow.

A charming bridal gown is illustrated, made of rich ivory-white *pears de soie*. The train is edged with a drapery of lace, caught together with tufts of orange-blossoms. The round bodice is gathered at the neck and waist in front, with a full waist-band, and two loops and long ends of ribbon on the left side. The drapery of lace across the front is caught together in the centre with a tuft of orange-blossoms. The balloon sleeves show trimmings of flowers and lace.

Bridesmaids' gowns which are being prepared for a forthcoming wedding are the acme of simplicity. They are in all white muslin, with garnitures of rich lace and sashes of chine ribbon on a yellow ground.

MILLINERY.

Transparent crowns and transparent brims are a feature in to-day's fashions for head-gear, and, having become accustomed to low crowns—in fact none at all—it is not easy to be reconciled to the chimney-pot and steeple crowns on many of the new shapes.

The tendency of all fashionable hats is toward width, which is only a natural sequence of the very broad shoulders, and one particular shape I saw was cut off very abruptly at the front and back, while the sides flared considerably.

Pink is perhaps the most notable color in millinery, as far as straw is concerned, and next to the "sunburnt" straw, tabac brown is a favorite shade. All the flowers that bloom in the four seasons of the year are found upon the season's



COSTUME IN SHOT CREPON.

hats, while flora of no clime or season also flaunt proudly the beauties which they owe to art and not to nature.

The finest collection of hats and bonnets I have had the good fortune to inspect were those which grew beneath the touch of no woman's hand, for, in the words of Sairey Gamp, "whereas it is a man"—a peripatetic milliner, who travels about the country visiting the mansions of the rich and great, and creating millinery for the women folk. John Ash, for such is his name, is an artist in his trade, for he will not supply you with a hat because it is merely fashionable and the color pleases you, but it must belong to you, and if necessity compels it he will design a hat especially suited to you.

The hat which pleased me most was intended to wear with a white chine-silk gown, and was made of white chip straw in a small, flat shape, with a big cluster of English daisies on each side, showing all the delicate colors in the chine silk pattern. The stems of the flowers formed a sort of pompon, and from the centre at the back



THE LATEST ENGLISH HAT.

rose a variegated aigrette, and two jeweled-headed pins were carelessly stuck through the crown.

Another highly artistic hat was a flat Leghorn of a fine quality, simply trimmed with a rose spray; long stalk, foliage, buds and all, but in

black, and trailing around the hat in the most effective manner possible.

Two simple and stylish hats are illustrated. One is an English shape in coarse, butter-colored straw, the brim turned up slightly at the sides, and trimmed with a band and bow of yellow moire ribbon, through which is passed a black quill. The second illustrates a picture-hat with a Leghorn brim and a crown of black rough straw encircled by a twist of black moire ribbon, a butterfly of black lace, and a spray of most natural-looking roses, with the addition of two jet-headed pins and a cut-jet buckle.

At the Circus.

THERE is no more universally popular institution than the circus. To see it at its best, join it in some country town, and you will realize what a hold it has upon the people. Towns where there are neither halls nor theatres rely upon the annual visit of the circus for their entire year's amusement, so when the flamboyant posters—chiefly remarkable in their make-up for what you do not see at the circus—are displayed along the country roads, covering the sides of barns and sheds, the country folk take a day off and pack the tent twice a day, rolling up the receipts away beyond the ten-thousand-dollar mark, in a town where the combined wealth, judged by exterior surroundings, does not appear to be the tenth part of such a sum.

The people get a great deal for their money at the circus nowadays, with the three rings, constantly filled with equestrians, jugglers, acrobats, and comedy acts, to say nothing of trained wild animals, a congress of ethnology, comprising people from the four quarters of the earth, and a parade of nations besides. All these attractions at one price make going to the circus as an entertainment "very fillin' at the price." Some people still cling to their reminiscence of one ring and the trick mule—by the way, did that circus mule ever die?—and perhaps this season the circus is more like the "old timers" than any we have had for several seasons, and the public response in the way of patronage, even in these hard times, has been tremendous.

To attempt to individualize the "acts" of the Barnum & Bailey aggregation of acts is almost impossible. In equestrianism Mr. Seabert and Miss Rubsam, in the bareback act with two horses, in gracefulness and novelty, easily come first. Then you look away from that ring to watch with wonder the champion Zamoras in their performance on the single trapeze, and take a jolly good laugh at the clown who rides around the entire arena behind his little black pig, which actually seems to enjoy the sport of hauling his master about. This year there seem to be as many women gymnasts as men; in fact, there is hardly a great aerial act in which women do not play a prominent part. Mlle. Vera works with a ladder in a novel aerial feat, while Miss Allington gives a daring exhibition on the single swinging trapeze, and Miss Juliette Nelson walks the tight-rope in high boots and spurs. "What will the lady have next?" as the polite clown inquires of the zephyr-like creature in gauze and spangles who does a Mazeppa act in ring No. 3. It keeps you busy watching all these acts and hardly gives you time to laugh at the clowns, who this year are unusually good and numerous. Of course there are ground and lofty tumblers as there never were before, but the *chef d'œuvre* of this year's circus is the wonderful aerial feat of the Eugenes. They are a circus all by themselves. Our illustrations elsewhere depict some of the features of the great "aggregation."

A New Cure for Asthma.

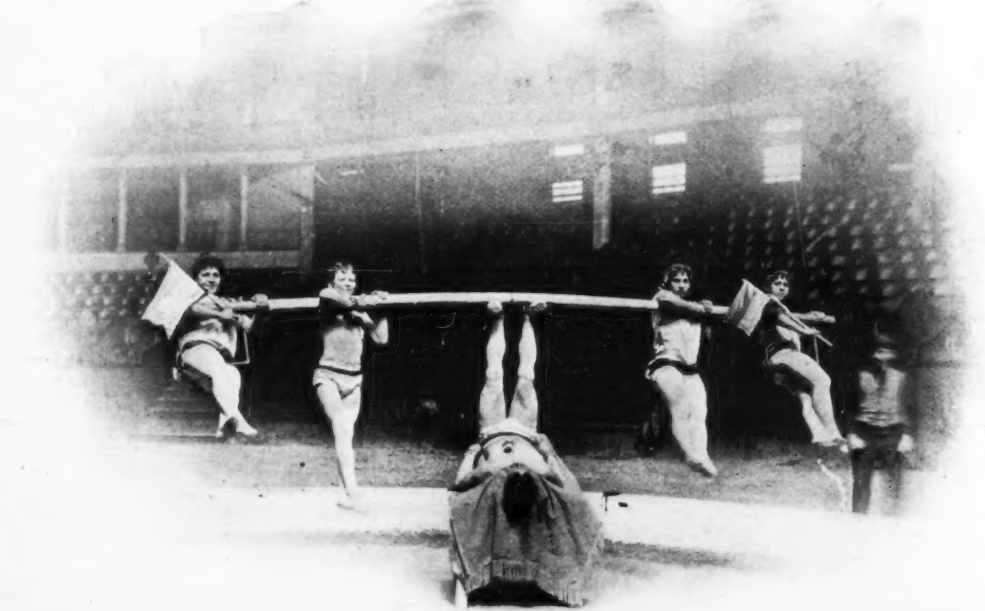
MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

OUR readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.



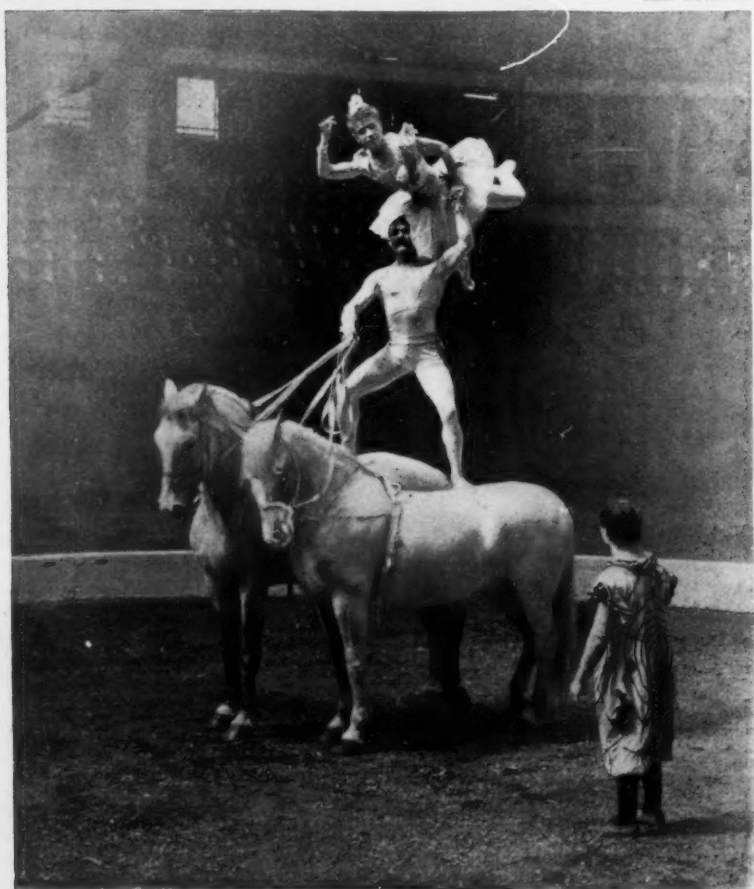
THE PERFORMING PIG-CLOWN.



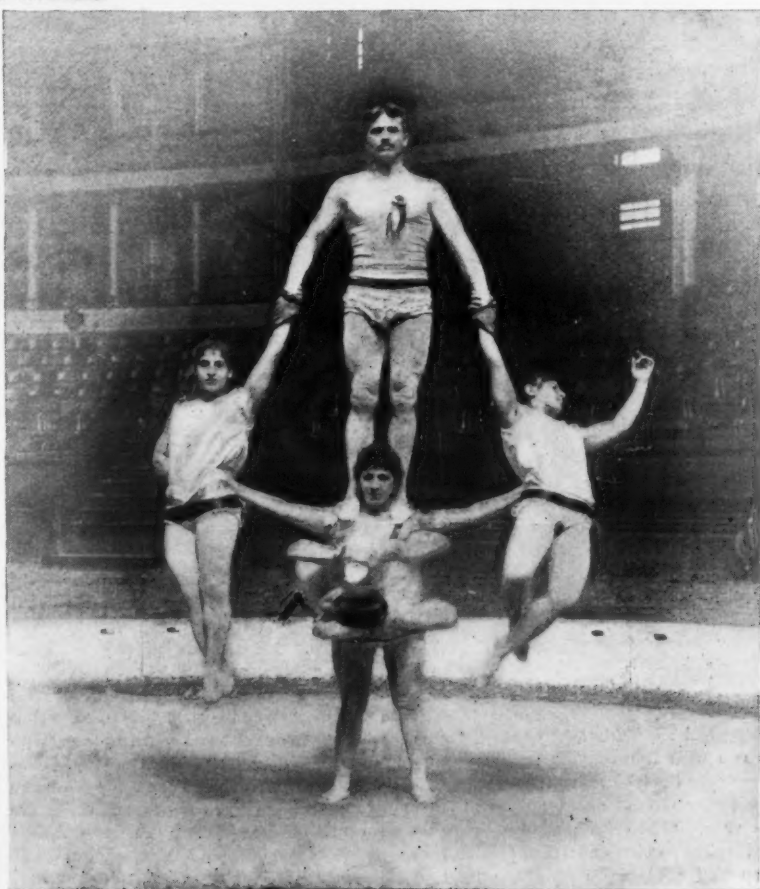
THE WHIRLING BAR.



THE ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS.



A GRACEFUL BARE-BACK ACT.



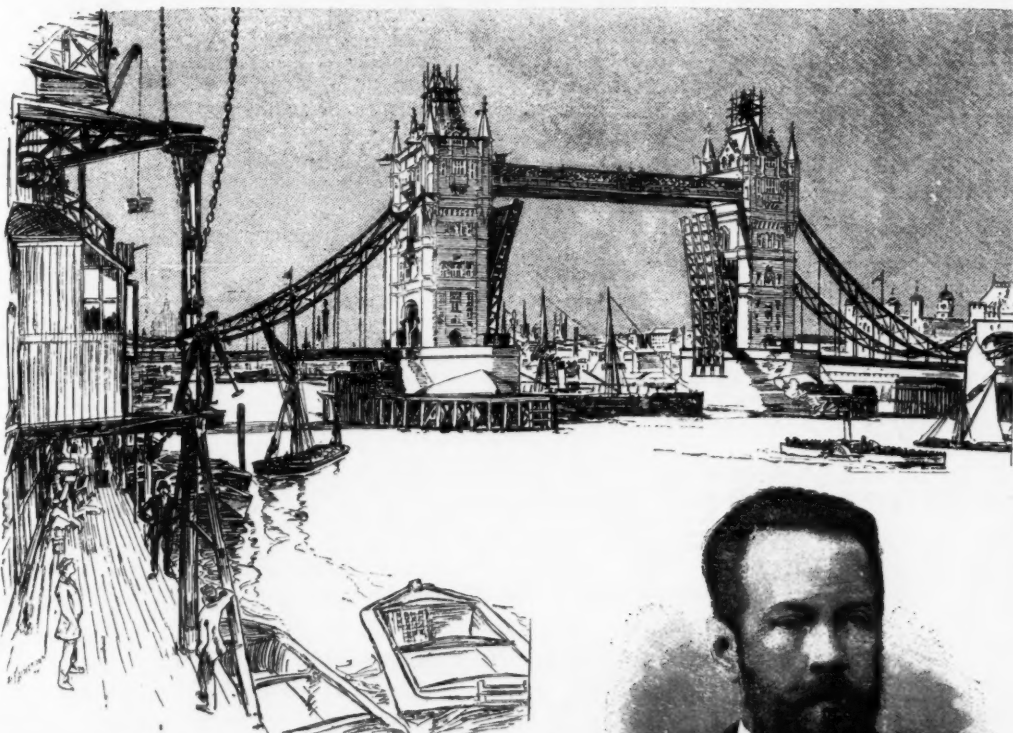
A MARVELOUS DISPLAY OF STRENGTH BY A WOMAN GYMNAST



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HIS NEW UNIFORM AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE FIRST ROYAL (BRITISH) DRAGOONS.—*London Daily Graphic*.



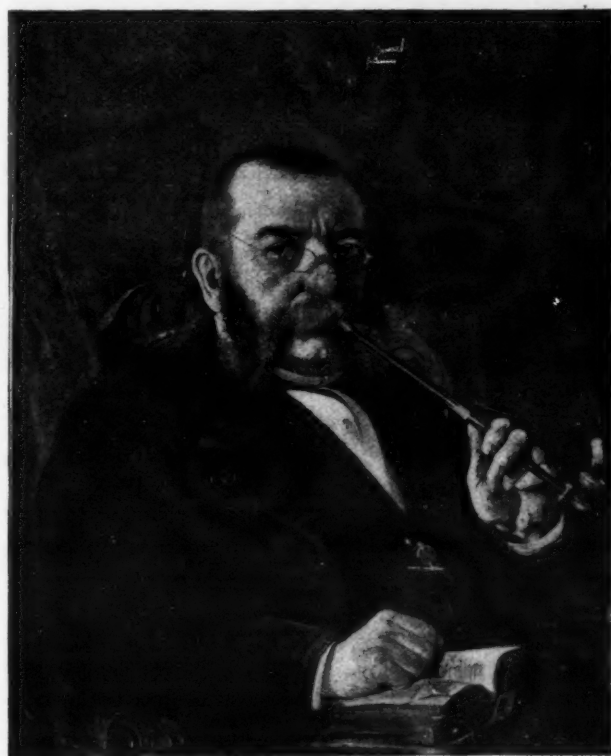
SPRING FASHIONS IN PARIS—SOME NEW OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.—*London Daily Graphic*.



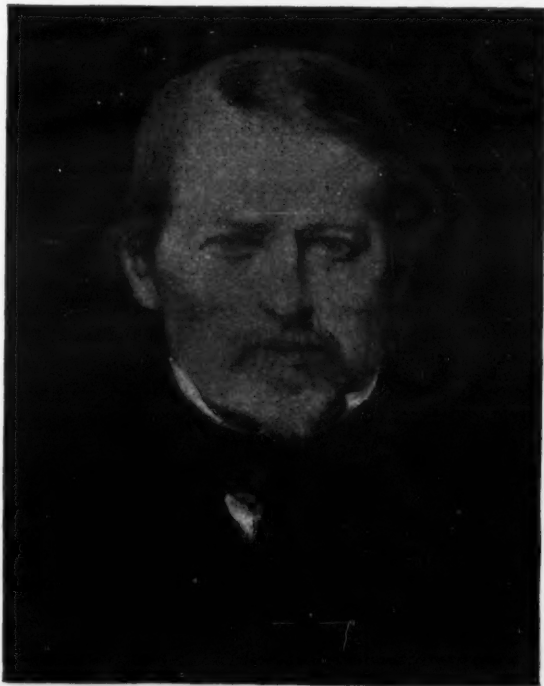
GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWER BRIDGE FROM BUTLER'S WHARF.—*London Daily Graphic*.



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KASPAR BRAUN, JOINT PROPRIETOR OF THE GERMAN "FLIEGENDE BLAETTER."



FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER, OF THE "FLIEGENDE BLAETTER."



HOLIDAY SPORTS IN PANAMA—HORSE-RACING IN THE STREETS.—*London Daily Graphic*.

WHITE (admiring the new cut of Miss Spinster's waist)—"Well, I must say, Miss Spinster, that I can't help admiring your last wrinkle."
Miss Spinster—"Sir!"
 And White never really understood why her teas lacked his attendance thereafter.—*Judge*.

THE HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE—To dead-head a two-cent stamp from the paying-teller to stick on a forged check.—*Judge.*

THE highest authorities among the riders of and dealers in bicycles, who know the best and the poorest, and have no interest in any of them except to give their customers the best goods at the lowest prices, say that the Lovell Diamond Cycle is the best. This is the highest praise which can be given to an article. There can be but one best, and when men so well qualified to judge say this term applies to the Lovell Diamond Cycle, they give it a stamp of approval which will be appreciated and concurred in by every man and woman who is fortunate enough to own one. The Lovell Diamond Cycle is made by the Lovell Manufacturing this wheel, having the quality which money, a thorough knowledge of the business and the greatest skill mechanism can produce to make this wheel the best in the country. The assortment of goods offered by this leading firm includes every variety which can possibly be desired by a most exacting and critical public. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that any person who contemplates indulging in this most useful and desirable method of travel should select from the elegant stock offered by the Lovell Company, who not only have the most modern and complete stock of bicycles, but also salesrooms at 147 Washington Street, Boston, and their goods can also be found in all the leading cities of the country and at all the principal stores dealing in bicycles. They can be bought on easy terms, and are guaranteed to be as represented in every way. If you buy a Lovell wheel you will make no mistake.

The keen rivalry between the Florida Central & Peninsular and Richmond & Danville, "The Florida Short Line," which now has the government contract for carrying the Southern mails, and the Atlantic Coast Line, which formerly enjoyed that privilege, culminated in an exciting race between two special trains over those roads from Jacksonville to New York, yesterday, the Florida Short Line being winning, by an hour and twenty-four minutes, despite a handicap of thirty-five minutes at the start.

Both trains carried a large excursion party of Florida people. The Atlantic Coast Line train of five cars was scheduled to leave Jacksonville at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, and the Florida Short Line train of seven cars pulled out at 10.35. The latter train reached Washington at 6.06 yesterday morning, and its rival at 7.39.

The train that arrived in Washington first, and in making the time in less than twenty-four hours, broke the record between Jacksonville and New York.—*New York Times*, April 28, 1894.

by one harmless "Sober-up" tablet. Instantly makes you walk straight and restores mental powers. Put one in your vest pocket when out with the boys. Write to the Noseline Company, 35 Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio, for information.

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ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.


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When the best physicians fail.
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Insures a clear skin and pure blood,
As well as sound bodily health.



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*Surgeon (retired) U. S. Navy, Resident
Physician, Hot Springs, Ark., says:*

"My experience in the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is limited to the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism and that hybrid disease, "Rheumatic Gout" (so-called), which is in contradistinction to the Rheumatoid Arthritis of Garrod. I have had excellent results from this Water in these affections, both in my own person and in the treatment of patients for whom I have prescribed it. Of course the remedial agent is the calcium Lithiate and the solvent property. Hence it is a prophylactic as well as a remedy in Nephritic Colic and forming Calculi, when due to a redundancy of Lithic Acid."

Dr. Wm. B. Towles,
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ica in the Medical Department of the
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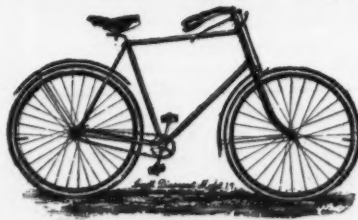
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will be paid to the person sending us the most appropriate name for our grand New Canna, No. 1000. Full particulars will be found, together with a colored plate of this Canna, in the April number of

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IVORY SOAP



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A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers,

New York.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

THE Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of this city ranks deservedly among the foremost and most successful institutions of its kind in the world. It is in the truest sense the pioneer in co-operative life insurance in this country. It is the outgrowth of the conviction that life insurance upon the ordinary plan is immoderately expensive and places the benefits of the society beyond the reach of the working classes of the community. Its basal principle is that by co-operation the system may be made available for persons of meagre means. Under the mutual reserve fund plan the participants insure each other. There are now some eighty-five thousand members of the association. An assessment or mortuary call is made on the members at such time as the mortality among members and the demands on the treasury compel. Each mortuary call is made large enough to meet the claims of beneficiaries against the fund and to leave a handsome sum to be deposited in the reserve fund for that seemingly impossible "emergency" which may arise when the mortality may be so great that money enough cannot be raised by a mortuary call to pay the claims of the beneficiaries on the policies of those who are deceased. This reserve or emergency fund, under wise administration, has grown year by year until now it is more than \$3,589,326. In other words, it is so great as a reserve resource that nothing short of a pestilence sweeping from end to end of the country could possibly exhaust it.

It is obvious that an association thus buttressed and resting upon sound business principles offers peculiar advantages to insurers. It makes insurance so cheap that it seems like criminal neglect of duty on the part of any man with a family dependent upon him to fail to insure his life either for a greater or smaller sum.

When this association, which is now only thirteen years of age, began its career, it came into competition with old and powerful companies, all of which predicted its speedy failure. But the idea of a system in which all the members insured the life of each member, practically at cost, commended itself at once to thoughtful minds; and from the beginning its success has been the most notable in the development of life insurance in this country.

The success of the society is primarily and principally due to its president, Mr. Edward B. Harper, whose knowledge of life-insurance principles, great business sagacity, and resolution of purpose in following out an approved conception, have made him one of the master spirits in this field of enterprise. Mr. Harper, who is now fifty-two years of age, is a native of Delaware, with an honorable and distinguished ancestry. During a long and successful career in the old style life insurance business he had become persuaded that something better suited to the wants and means of persons of small income was desirable. He gave himself earnestly and conscientiously to the solution of the problem of meeting this demand. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is the result of this study. From the first he has directed and shaped the policy of this association. He is master of every detail of the intricate system in all its departments. He has availed himself of the results and lessons of experience in making this system as nearly perfect as possible, adjusting its methods to existing conditions with the sole object of making the system a real national beneficence. Having no stockholders, no extravagant staff, no barnacles, no impedimenta of any sort, the fund is administered with reference to the truest economy, Mr. Harper regarding it as a sacred trust which he is bound to manage with sole reference to the interest of the policy-holders.

A single statement will illustrate the economic principles underlying the system of this association, and its superiority to its old-fashioned competitors. While the expense to policy-holders in the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is \$4.95 for each \$1,000 of insurance, it is \$8.00 in the Equitable, \$9.95 in the Mutual, and \$11.11 in the New York Life Insurance Company. Yet the net assets of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association are \$240 to each \$100 of liability, while the best showing made

by any of the old line companies is but \$124 to each \$100 of liabilities. Of course the rest of the enormous profits on insurance in the old line companies goes into the coffers of the stockholders and to build up fortunes for the officials who exercise absolute control of their affairs. All that surpluse of profits is saved to the policy-holder in the Mutual Reserve, to whom it properly belongs.

When Mr. E. B. Harper became president of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association it occupied one room in Nassau Street, which was quite sufficient for a home office. Now it has a palatial home which has cost \$1,200,000. Then there were, all told, five hundred members, holding policies aggregating two and one-half millions. Now there are eighty-five thousand members. A mortuary assessment then amounted to about four thousand dollars. To-day it is \$575,000.

The new building, known as the Mutual Reserve building, located on Broadway and the northwest corner of Duane Street, is worthy of this great and prosperous association. It is fourteen stories high, and its crown is nearly two hundred feet above the pavement of Broadway. Its exterior, of rough Indiana limestone, is impressive and massive, while its interior is not anywhere surpassed for completeness and practicability. The site of this splendid structure, which cost nearly half a million dollars, has seventy-five feet front on Broadway and one hundred and twenty-three feet depth and front

These two floors are made one by means of an oviform opening in the floor of the third floor, transforming it into a gallery or mezzanine floor. The general offices, where applications for insurance are made, policies paid, etc., are on the second floor. There are massive safes or strong-boxes at the rear, wherein valuable documents may be stored. The gallery floor is reached by a handsome staircase. There is a promenade all around the elliptical gallery, from where the visitor may look down upon the busy hive below. The wainscoting of these floors are heavy paneled oak, and the furnishings solid and beautiful.

The executive offices of the association will occupy the entire fourth floor. At the corner of Broadway and Duane Streets will be the modest suite of the master, President Harper. They are pleasant, snug offices, with generous windows that let out on the two thoroughfares and give a magnificent view of bustling, hustling lower Broadway. These windows are at the top of the graceful arches that extend from the ground to the cornice of the fourth floor, and, seen from the street, mark the prettiest feature of the structure, from an artistic standpoint, their Indiana limestone frames being rounded and beautifully carved in leafy vines.

From his desk the president can communicate by telephone with any officer or employé located in any part of the building. The rooms of the Board of Directors are located along the Broadway front, and near at hand are the offices of the counsel, law clerks, and other officials.

balls, and lobbies throughout the building are finished in Numidian marble; the staircases are of iron and marble; the elevators and their frames are of iron; the floors are of marble or hardest oak; the wainscoting, window-frames and doors are of solid quartered oak, and other non-combustible or not easily combustible material has been brought into use wherever it was practicable, so that the Mutual Reserve building is a real up-and-up fire-proof structure.

The ground floor of this magnificent building will be devoted to commercial enterprises, and has already been leased.

The first floor will be occupied by one of the leading banking institutions of the city, and this banking floor is reached by a special entrance nearly in the middle of the Broadway front.

The building is supplied with all the modern conveniences, and every room is heated by steam and lighted at night by numerous incandescent electric lights, fitted with electric wires for telephone and telegraph service and messenger calls; there are burglar-proof safe-deposit vaults on the seventh, ninth, and eleventh floors, with private compartments for each tenant of the building; the system of ventilation is as perfect as possible; there are closets, toilets, and every other modern convenience on every floor, and the sanitary arrangements of the building have been made a special feature. In short, this office-palace has been equipped in the most thorough manner with every known modern improvement for the safety, comfort, and convenience of its denizens.

The building has thirty-even electric clocks. The master-clock will be in the office of the president, to whose genius as an organizer and as a practical insurance man the unexampled success of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is due. There are telephones, speaking-tubes, messenger calls, golden stock-tickers, mail chutes, and other conveniences in the main hall on every floor.

The fourteenth story of this wonderful building is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the great structure. According to the unexplained New York custom, the fourteenth story is the thirteenth floor, the ground, or store, floor not being counted. This fourteenth story has lofty ceilings and charming offices, but there are no windows in many of them. Over each room is built an A-shaped skylight. The south, west and east sides are covered with thick plates of copper. The north side is made of plate-glass, and this furnishes an abundance of light. Because of these skylights, which are so practiced by artists, this is properly called the studio floor. They are available, however, for other businesses. The roof is of solid adamant brick, and is surrounded by a massive fence of Indiana limestone five feet high. From this elevation one may obtain a most excellent idea of the vast height of this building, towering nine stories above the roofs of the old-fashioned structures in the vicinity, themselves five stories high.

It is a great, a magnificent building. It will be a landmark to thousands who, seeking to secure their loved ones from want in the event of their death, will turn away from the old style and expensive insurance corporations and invest their money with the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, which insures at first cost, and divides all profits with the policy-holders.

Among the well-known officials of this association are Mr. George H. Wooster, managing director; Mr. O. D. Baldwin, vice-president; Mr. J. D. Wells, third vice-president and chairman of the agency committee; Drs. J. W. Bowden and L. L. Seaman, medical supervisors; John W. Vrooman, treasurer; Charles R. Bissell, chairman of the investment committee; Robert P. Porter, comptroller; Charles W. Camp, secretary; Samuel W. Wray and John J. Acker, auditors. The general counsel is Mr. Frederick A. Burnham. All of these gentlemen are representative men, who enjoy in the largest degree the confidence of all who know them, because of their ability, personal integrity, and their thorough equipment for the duties devolved upon them. With so superb a master of life insurance as Mr. Harper at its head, supported by the able staff he has summoned to his assistance, there can be no doubt that the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association will achieve in the future even more notable success in the field it occupies than it has already attained.



THE NEW HOME OF THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, BROADWAY AND DUANE STREET.

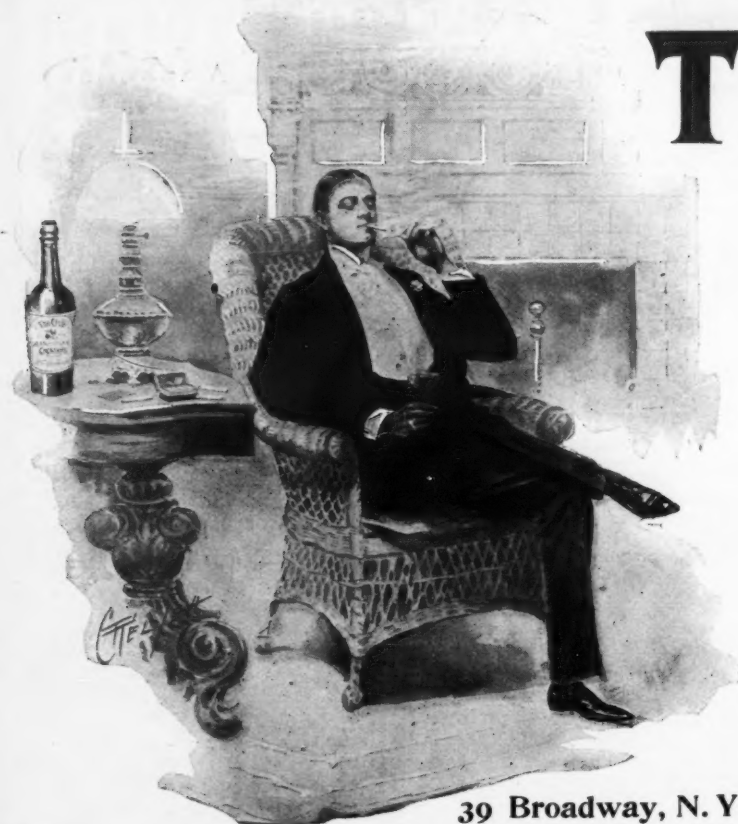
on Duane Street. It was built according to ideas formulated by Mr. Harper himself, the architect being Mr. William H. Hume.

There is a deep basement, a store floor, a banking floor, and eight office floors. One of the floors, the twelfth, is fitted up in an elaborate and luxurious style for a club-house, and will be occupied by the Arkwright Club. The four stories from the second to the fifth inclusive are to be the offices of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. The second and third floors will constitute the workshop of the association, where its immense business will be transacted.

The fifth floor is divided into convenient offices for clerks and minor officials and department men of the Mutual Reserve. One of the most interesting departments is the agents' room—a long, wide, modest apartment which extends clear across the western end of the building.

The building is thoroughly fireproof. It rests upon a superstructure consisting of twenty-five wrought-steel columns connected and sustained by heavy girders of the same imperishable material. The partition walls are of hollow brick, and hollow brick was used in constructing the floor arches, while the walls of the vestibule,

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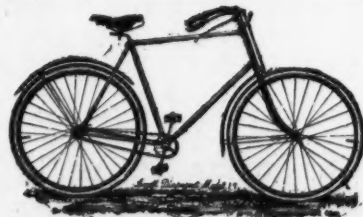


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